God's Gay Agenda

penis envy or semen envy?
that is the question.

by
Barry Emanuel Zeve

semen envy
is the desire to have
the magical, life-giving properties
you imagine a man infuses into what he does that you can't
infuse into what you do.

penis envy
is the delivery device of semen.
some people think the bigger the penis
the better the semen that penis delivers.

some men have a penis that
they don't know how to fully operate.
women don't have a penis at all,
but some women model how to use
the delivery device of their life-giving properties expertly.

some people are financially poor,
but spiritually rich.
and some people are financial billionaires,
but spiritually bankrupt.
surely,
it can still be said that
God works in mysterious ways.

some say the gay agenda is to turn men into beasts.
they think our final destination is sodomy with snakes.
is it even possible to sodomize a snake?
I googled it
and was surprised to discover that snakes have two penises
one for each testicle!
after giving it some thought,
I realized that
sodomizing a snake is even too kinky for one
as gay as me…

for the past 50 years,
our gay agenda has been marriage equality.
from the looks of things
seven years after achieving that goal in this country,
gay marriages don't seem to have caused an inordinate
number of children being conceived with satan:
half man, half reptilian beast.

that's encouraging,
to say the least.
now we can focus on
God's gay [lighthearted] agenda.
surely, He has some say
in the marvelous mischief gay men get into …

some say that God created man.
others say that man created God.
in this book
I'll discuss both agendas from my gay, Jewish perspective.
you may be surprised at my findings.

capitalization
is neither a part of grammar nor punctuation rules.
it's part of the overarching category of literary mechanics.

the period tells you you've reached the end of a sentence.
capitalizing the first letter
of the first word of the next sentence
is redundant symbolism.
therefore, in this book,
I suggest you pay closer attention to periods
and give them the value of full stops.
I'm not going to capitalize the first letter
of the first word of a sentence,
even though I just did.

there's no need to capitalize titles of books.
underlining them says it all.
I only did so on the title page of this book
in deference to the literary world.

we really only need to capitalize proper nouns
to distinguish them from all other nouns.

and, of course, we need to capitalize
nouns and pronouns for God
to distinguish Him from all others.
I'm also going to capitalize
the first-person singular pronoun [I]
because I see a little God in all of us.

that said,
there's one word I always capitalize,
and you ought to know why I maintain this formality.
the word is "Earth."
"Earth" is the name of our planet.
"earth" just means soil.

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Previous Books

“stand by me”

by
Ben E. King

when the night has come and the land is dark
and the moon is the only light we’ll see,
oh, I won’t be afraid
just as long as You stand, stand by me.

so Darlin’, Darlin’,
stand by me.
oh, stand by me, oh, stand,
stand by me, stand by me.

if the sky that we look upon should tumble and fall
or the mountains should crumble to the sea,
I won’t cry.
I won’t cry.
no,
I won’t shed a tear
just as long as You stand, stand by me.

and Darlin’, Darlin’,
stand by me.
Oh, stand by me, woah, stand now
stand by me, stand by me.

Ben E. King, a straight, Black, American man, surely thought he was singing this song to a woman, not to Jesus. in 1960, he was inspired to update the early 20th Century gospel hymn “stand by me” by Charles Albert Tindley, which was based on the 46th Psalm: “will not we fear, though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.”

Ben. E. King, and his co-composers Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, probably thought they could cut God out of their song altogether – until now.

"stand by me" was voted one of the Songs of the Century by the Recording Industry Association of America. and you just know that King's songs, "this magic moment" and "save the last dance for me" had Protestant, religious overtones, too.

describing man's relationship to God using carnal metaphors isn't blasphemy anymore. when America decided to allow gays and lesbians to marry, we opened heaven's gate a lot further than Debbie Boone had with "You light up my life." America should have guessed that someone would come along sooner or later, and with a few changes in caps, turn a whole host of early 20th Century hits into love ballads by men to God.

if you're not ready to talk about God using romantic language that elucidates what's going on below your waist, this book is *definitely* not for you! shut it now before the devil makes his way into you through the dirtiest, darkest hole in your body! you wouldn't want to be sodomized by a friend of the prince of darkness, now, would you?

I believe God loves sex. after all, He invented it. despite all the paranoia generated by foolish Jews, hateful Christians and fanatical Muslims who think He holds a puritanical view of "it," sex is a major aspect of God's design. God is obviously passionate about all His creations. He is The Ultimate Bisexual Who loves every man and woman alive while protecting the immature from His awesome and sensuous revelations.

you can't pray from your soul if you can't include every part of the body God gave you, whether you're male or female. physical monogamy with one special person is just a preview to spiritual monogamy with The One God Who created us all.

but God doesn't have to be spiritually monogamous with you, alone. He can hold a passionate embrace with each and every one of us. it's up to each of us to prove our loyalty and devotion to Him, not the other way around. it's up to us not to be jealous of His rapport with every single body on the

planet. it's up to each of us to keep our nose out of other people's relationship with Him. after all, who are we to judge?

God told Moses that He made man in His image [Genesis 1:27], but He wasn't just referring to His Head. Jesus told the ancient Jews that He held a special rapport in His Father's Heart. [Matthew 5:8] but because Jesus was God and man [according to Christian scriptural interpretation of the Gospels], He was inferring a relationship of His whole body to His Creator, which would include His Penis and Anus, as well.

what is transubstantiation if not the conversion of the substance of the Eucharistic elements into the body and blood of Christ at consecration, His warts and all? striving to achieve spiritual perfection without healing your body or improving your orgasms to express the divinity in you would be a grossly inadequate expression of your faith.

the ancient Jews' fear of sex in the Temple has turned out to be highly irrational in the modern age. if the Christians haven't turned their churches into brothels by now, it ain't gonna happen. and the same goes for mosques. I think the hyper-vigilant Jews can relax about that and relegate those fears to the realm of paranoias from the past.

whether you're Jewish, Christian or Muslim, you're just praying from your wallet if you believe "your" God is sexless. you're just trying to weasel something you want out of Him with sweettalk, while calling it prayer. cozying up to God to try to get Him to do what you want is two-faced. therefore, you're duplicitous if you don't see God as like a man without the imperfections we see in everyman.

penis envy and semen envy are the sorts of behaviors that define hypocrites. and these below-the-belt vices happen to be characteristics of adulterers, too.

obligation

I have dear friends in Israel who are making their way through middle age, that time of life when you're at the top of the world and can look down on where you were and even imagine you can see where you're going.

some say it's all downhill after you've been through your 69th year. since that number is now behind me, I can assure you that life can be an amazing uphill climb after 70 that you wouldn't want to miss.

one of my Israeli friends is an accomplished land broker, and his wife is an amazing woman who wears her heart on her sleeve. but they got themselves into a family jam, and she came to me for advice.

over the years, I told her many times to put her heart back in her chest where it belongs. but that was especially true when she told me about a first cousin of hers who was adopted by her paternal uncle. her cousin became an alcoholic and was possibly even a drug addict. he then turned into an orthodox [haredi] Jew. but he wasn't relieved of his pain and suffering by just dressing in religious garb to "look" good. God seems only to have aggravated his condition with further, unfortunate facts on the ground. her cousin now suffers the humiliation of his alcoholism in his community. his status as a "bastard" in Jewish mythology and as a new convert to hyper-religious, Jewish dogma have only made his overall situation worse. and that's caused his family a lot of pain and suffering, to boot.

I spoke to my friend-with-her-heart-on-her-sleeve about the 5th Commandment that commands us to honor our father and mother. I reminded her that Jesus told the ancient Jews to love themself if they hoped to have any chance of even tolerating their neighbors. [Matthew 22:35-40, Mark 12:30-31] but who doesn't know that the Jews are dafka [Hebrew: contemptuous, contrary, rebellious, obstinate, stubborn, willful and ornery]?

instead of *honoring* our parents and *loving* ourself, many try to love everybody. and that's a recipe for disaster. they

only end up hating themself and becoming cynical and surly over time.

who can't see that deeds that are too good must be punished? God has a duty to punish people at both extremes, those who aren't good *enough* and those who are *too* good.

when you don't do enough for people in need, you're obviously ignorant of your duty to help them. but when you try too hard to help others, you may not realize that what motivates you is something greater than charity. by the time you complete this book, you'll be able to perceive that kind of motivation as misplaced revenge. the person you should have treated much better all along was yourself.

I told my friend that by her husband contributing great sums of money to send her cousin into rehab and by her trying to bend over backwards to help the guy get through his miserable existence and back on his feet, she and her husband are now being punished for having tried too hard to be good. the guy has quit rehab and now wants them to support him indefinitely. he feels they owe him. how are they to protect their reputation in their family and in Israeli society generally, given an attitude like that by those around them?

I told her that the only thing left for them to do is to teach their children how to *honor* them as parents and learn to *love* themself. I tell all my friends to teach their kids what happens when you're too good and that backfires in your face.

my boyfriend and life partner, Will, is Catholic. He looks at our Israeli friends' issue a little differently. he can imagine that in a tightly knit community like Israel, the sense of obligation runs much deeper than it does in our country. circumstances have forced Israelis to go further out of their way to express their loyalty and devotion to one another. you don't usually see that kind of exaggerated kindness and caring on a national scale elsewhere.

Will's comments made me feel a little guilty, especially since I've known these friends longer than I've known him. but I think he's right. I think there are some people in this

world who have an exaggerated sense of duty to family and friends. some even have an exaggerated duty to their country and creed.

that said, there are many more who show no sense of duty to anyone other than themself. so, there's no one recipe by which to bake all cakes. what matters is what each one tastes like once you find a slice of it on your plate.

even though I lived in Israel as a teenager and am as Jewish as the next Jew, I don't have that deep a sense of obligation to Jews generally, Israelis specifically or mankind as a whole. I suppose you could say that I feel more obligated to the squirrels and birds I feed every day in my garden. I'm more like Saint Francis than any priest or rabbi I've ever met. nature is where my heart pops out of my chest and I wear it on my sleeve! people aren't really my thing.

I don't pressure myself by insisting that I feel an obligation to humanity where one doesn't exist. the heart wants what the heart wants. it would be foolish of me to try to force myself into feeling guilty if I really don't feel a sense of commitment and obligation to others. I think it makes a lot more sense to simply admit the truth about oneself and let the cards fall where they may. what do you think?

I'm not so naïve that I don't anticipate that some will say I've lost all moral credibility since I don't care as much as they do about people. but what can I say?

my boyfriend is the dearest, most delightful human being on the planet. we share an amazingly intimate relationship, more like David and Jonathan, who loved one another as they loved themself. [1 Samuel 1-5] but our closeness doesn't extend for me with other people anywhere near the intensity I feel for him.

I suppose the two most important things in my life after Will are animals and God – and frankly, probably in that order. when I think of how the animal kingdom is suffering at the hands of man, it reduces me to tears. God can take care of Himself. the animals can't survive without our help.

because of my priorities, I think that the word "obligation" is a good word to begin with in my description

of sodomy in the religious sense. people feel obligated to different concepts. and we aren't ever going to change anyone's innate obligations. so, we might as well learn to negotiate with one another. what choice do we have unless we're willing to kill one another to get our way?

God surely loves diversity, and I'm about as distinct and unusual a gay Jew as it gets. I don't want to kill anyone. I don't want to screw anyone over. I just want to be able to screw my boyfriend literally with impunity. I want to be able to marry him. and I want to be able to embrace him in public anywhere in the world and feel safe, both as a gay man and a Jew.

when it comes to abortion, for example, not everyone puts the life of the unborn at the same place on their list of priorities, either. some people have the unborn at the top of their list. some don't have them on their list at all.

I think science could solve the abortion issue for a lot of religious Christians. I know the Israelis are working on a spit-test on a piece of treated paper that would immediately indicate if a woman is pregnant. then she could get an abortion before the fetus achieves a heart that's begun to beat. apparently, that's an important boundary for some Christian, religious sects. then, most Christian women [except Catholics] could get abortions before that six-week boundary that some feel they must take to heart.

the best solution I can think of is a pill that kills sperm in the prostate gland for a short period of time. in that way, contraception could become a male responsibility, taking it off the shoulders of women altogether.

that said, when it comes to anal sex between men, I think God is handling that matter for us just fine. as marriage equality is gaining ground worldwide, those who insist on following through on the laws of Leviticus by killing all gay people [Leviticus 20] will be forced to admit that the wish to go back to slavery [Leviticus 25] and killing adulterers [Leviticus 20] in addition to all those who don't believe in the God of the Jews [Leviticus 20] and children who disobey

their parents [Leviticus 20] is a bad idea, even if it comes from God.

marriage equality was just the beginning in helping the everyone take on the responsibility of caring for children. next, I anticipate gays will return to houses of prayer to face their accusers in the sight of God. and when they do, the laity is going to need to discuss God's gay agenda as adults.

scripture was given to us by God in layers. we've moved through God's words slowly and painfully. many had to die to bring us to the modern age where we can delve down even further into the figurative meanings of His commandments to take them personally, rather than publicly. as we make the conversion of the individual from atheist to true believer our primary goal, our Abrahamic efforts will unite us in advancing everyone's Jewish thoughts, Christian feelings and Muslim beliefs. we'll come to see God's straight agenda through His gay agenda.

if Ben E. King wanted God's Son to stand by him despite what happens to the mountains and the sea; if King wanted the Prince of peace to save the last dance for him – then he looked forward to dancing out of here in God's Arms.

once the Two of Them were in heaven in each Other's arms, common sense suggests that They were going to do more than just dance forever. what is heaven if not the equivalent of an Eternal orgasm where the achievement of perfection in body, heart and mind can celebrate Eternity in a way that all passionate and compassionate, human beings here on Earth can look forward to?

love isn't imprisoned in your ribcage. love isn't hidden in a hope chest in your chest. love moves through your entire biological and spiritual system. as you extend your loving feelings to the thoughts in your head and beliefs in your soul, you'll discover that the magnificence of God's plan includes contemplating the navel your mother gave you [Hinduism]; the genitals that animalify the instincts that control your wants [-] and desires [+] [Buddhism]; and the anus that represents the paradoxes of a door that opens two ways [Taoism].

the man who capitalizes the word “Man” thinks he’s a god. he thinks he sits on the right-hand side of God. we don’t want to confuse manmade gods with the God Who created us all. God is the Creator of the universe and all life in it. the gods men spoke about in the ancient past in Egypt, Greece and Rome were men who thought they were equal to the God of the Jews at the time. today, they’re just little men who suffer big ego issues. they’re men with penis problems.

many men are so confused by the power of their ego that they’re easily influenced by other men who strut about as though they were gods. men who make proclamations about Nazis being fine people, when we all know that the Nazis were and are anything but fine or refined, must think they’re gods amongst mortal men. Nazis were egotistical 20th Century Christians who planned on creating an empire that would last a thousand years. it lasted 12 years. and 21st Century Nazis are men of all faiths and philosophies who are on an egotistic path equally doomed for destruction and dismay.

Naziism keeps raising its ugly head one generation after the next because of the power in the penis of little men who have problems with the figurative size of their penis and the power of their semen. not only are men with penis problems and semen setbacks self-defeating. God obviously doesn’t like it, either.

but life is a school, and we need the bozos at the back of the room to disrupt the students in the middle who are only here to have fun. and we need the students who are distracted to disrupt those at the front of the class to remind us all to pay greater attention to The Teacher’s daily lessons.

what separates God from man is no different than what separates teachers from students. teachers grade students. students who grade their teachers take on one of the roles of the institution of education without the credentials that come with a teaching position. it’s arrogant, unwise and uncalled for. if you have questions about the teaching techniques of

our Teacher, bring them up to those sitting in the front row, closest to Him. if their answers don't satisfy you, bring your issues up before the class. but do so respectfully. don't scapegoat gays and/or Jews to do so. that kind of behavior isn't going to further the discussion.

if people judge God for the way things turn out, then they aren't doing their moral duty to learn and grow through increasing self-knowledge. it's up to every pupil to prove that s/he's not sitting in class asleep or reading a magazine behind their textbook. it's not up to God to prove that He isn't doing the same. the answers we seek lie in scripture – *all* of them.

if you took a class and the teacher assigned reading from seven textbooks, you wouldn't assume you could pass the class by reading only one of those textbooks. yet, that's precisely what the hyper-religious do. it's insane to think The Teacher agrees with all your answers in class discussions and on tests if you're only using the evidence you've gathered from one source.

this is why bad things happen to "good" people. this is why people who think they're good because of their name for The Teacher are rarely good students of life. this is why experience is a much better teacher. and this is why good students of life request bad experiences from The Teacher in order to augment their formal, religious education with lessons from life that will truly help them graduate with honors. proving your faith is harder than expounding upon it.

because the outcomes of God's designs have no beginning, middle or end, the differences between Teacher and student get muddied, just as the difference between God and gods has been muddied since the beginning of time. in common vernacular, that difference is called a penis problem or a semen setback. these issues originate below the belt, but they aren't limited to any one particular faith or political party.

are you trying to learn from God or are you trying to teach Him a lesson? the answer to that question makes the

difference between gays and Jews easier to discuss. when you give up creating scapegoats, a great many more solutions to problems suddenly arise from between your legs [including your anus].

are you trying to stop men from figuratively screwing one another over or are you just trying to stop men from literally screwing each other? are you protecting life and the future of humanity or are you simply covering your ass because you refuse to imagine that God has one, too? are you opposed to hatred, or are you just opposed to making love one particular way?

if God made man in His image, then God must have a penis and anus, just as every man on the planet. in fact, God must even have semen. what is a sunset if not an orgasm from God that occurs at the end of every day?

as I said previously, God loves sex. it's men who don't like sex. that may sound hard to believe, but it's true. I can't impress upon you with greater fervency, that man suffers from penis problems and semen setbacks over the body he was assigned that he had no ability to determine.

those who do try to learn about themself in this school for sensuous fools turn out modest in body, humble in character and gracious in spirit. but those who try to teach The Teacher a lesson experience embarrassment, shame and humiliation. they usually refuse to admit how wretched they are. they're blind to what they're learning about the importance of guilt. they cannot see the forest because they're such a small tree.

from the way a person turns out, you can see the difference between those who've conquered embarrassment with modesty, shame with humility and humiliation with grace. this is all it takes to encompass the topic of guilt in with your lessons.

those who are hot-headed aren't able to get through their stiff neck to discover the mercy in their heart that justice advocates we embrace. what's the point of having a good head on your shoulders if you can't get out of it into your bleeding heart, and from there, into your Eternal soul?

therefore, you ought to conclude that there's a little Nazi in all of us since we're all a conglomeration of virtues and vices that leave us too hot under the collar from time to time. there's a little asshole in all of us when we think we have the right to treat other people like assholes we can screw over because we're feeling a little vindictive that day.

an asshole is a wonderful place to literally take out your frustrations with life if you do it tenderly with someone who enjoys the sensation. an anus is a wonderful place to infuse your sense of justice in someone who holds you gratefully in his arms with his legs wrapped lovingly around your waist as he's sitting on your erect penis.

but screwing people over because you can't figure out how to get what you want out of life is just dirty. that's why vengeance has to be God's department, not man's. [Romans 12:19]

we're all on the road to perfection [an Eternal orgasm], but some are much further from perfection than others. and yet, we all run into trouble with our vehicle [body] and orientation skills [moral direction] from time to time. sadly, this world is turning as slowly as it does because righteous intentions seem to take forever to become realized. the reason for this awkwardness is actually quite simple:

young people who grow up too slowly aren't in a position to model better behavior than their parents before their parents get so old and set in their ways that they can't see the moral improvements their children have made. if young people grew up faster and old people took young people's sexual/spiritual education more seriously, this world would look a lot better. people would behave in ways that are more attractive.

everybody would be in a position to modulate his or her behavior to more enlightened viewpoints if the next generation would just give up childhood in childhood rather than extend it through puberty all the way into middle age and old age. just look at your diet. is it filled with candy-coated rewards and faith fried in oil? do you eat to live or live to eat?

children who grow up too slowly are a problem in every society. but the bigger issue lies with big babies who remain infantile their whole lives. now we're talking Nazis. they aren't yet eating solid food. they're on a liquid diet of milk and honey that disgusts them.

I can imagine that this may be a controversial topic for those who aren't interested in food-for-thought. some parents would like their children to remain children for the rest of their life. they wish they'd never had to grow up themselves.

the topic of growing up is controversial because of the American culture promotes remaining a child at heart because we associate naiveté with purity. in fact, the opposite is true. those who are the most creative are the most mature. those who are the most abused are the most childish.

I'm opening a can of worms by professing that we can grow up more quickly and remain a child of God and a child at heart, just as Jesus avowed. [Matthew 18:3] what we can't afford to do is indulge big babies by allowing them to remain on a liquid diet. that's where we have to draw the line. everyone must find a reason to grow teeth. Nazis profess to have teeth, but they're really just big babies sucking their way through life.

the Gilmore “gurls” were, more accurately, a mother [age 32] and daughter [age 16] in a TV series that aired between 2000-2007. if you include the mother of the mother, then the Gilmore gurls were three generations of women who depicted life in America for women at the beginning of this century.

it’s a dramedy centered around the relationship between a thirtysomething single mother and her teen daughter living in Stars Hollow, Connecticut. when the daughter’s attention turns from dreams of private school and Harvard to thoughts of boys and adolescent self-reliance, the single mom begins noticing more of her own rebellious youth – only 16 years before. [internet]

when I watched all 154 episodes of the “Gilmore girls” late this year [2021], I was already older than Emily, the grandmother. I watched as Lorelai [the mother] faced a changing mother/daughter bond with Rory [her daughter] as best friends when Rory made her way through puberty.

I knew that struggle was something that wasn’t accomplished in my and Emily’s generation. when we were going through puberty in the 1960’s, the mother/daughter bond was fraught with clitoris conflicts. those conflicts weren’t addressed as television entertainment until 50 years later. “Gilmore girls” deeply affected my understanding of the penis and semen envy The Teacher is presenting men with today.

as a gay man growing up with a mother who was 32 years older than me [double the difference in age between Lorelai and Rory], my mother was my best friend, too. but in some ways, my mother was always the queen, and I felt like her little, Jewish princess, much like Lorelai felt with Emily and Rory with Lorelai.

I could see all three generations of Gilmore women in my relationship with my mother. like Emily, my mother never let me forget that she had the power and sword [tongue] to cut off my head with a single stroke. my mom

did so swiftly and often with guilt trips that left me flailing about in my heart; feeling abandoned by men; neglected by strangers; and assumed banished from paradise because of the mother I got stuck with. for years, I ran around like a chick without a head as my old, mother-hen sat cackling on her nest.

the good side of my relationship with my mother could be described as an attempt to achieve a Gilmore gurl, mother/daughter bond in a day-and-age when it was impossible to talk like this about the bond between mothers and their gay sons. the problem with doing so when I was a teenager was that I wasn't literally a girl. I was a boy bottom who was deeply ashamed of what I secretly wanted men to do to me in bed. I dreamed about having anal intercourse. I wanted it more than anything else on Earth.

my younger sister, who couldn't achieve the mother/daughter relationship our mother had with me, sensed our bond and deeply resented it. my sister wasn't a homophobe. she just wanted what we had. if my sister had seen me as her older sister, not her older brother, and my mother had seen me as the first of two daughters, things would have probably looked quite different in our home.

but who was wise enough in those days to judge a book by its narrative, not its cover? people weren't more awakened in the 1950's and 60's. penises problems and clitoris conflicts weren't yet authorized topics of conversation by out Teacher. men were singing love songs to women that nobody then would have dared interpret as love songs from men to Jesus. life was simpler because we were sexually/spiritually naïve; not because we were pure. we were less imaginative because we were less mature. neither my mother nor I understood the bond we shared. no one in society was able to address the issue of being gay and Jewish when I was growing up, not even The Boys in the Band.

my coming out of the closet turned me into the poster child for the "coming out" of all of Americans in the sexual/spiritual sense of words from God that we were striving to understand then. marriage equality could never

have been attained in 2015 if I hadn't struggled for answers about myself by myself when I did.

but I'm not an unsung hero anymore. this book is about my heroic song about cuming further and further out of my closet with candor. now, I'm a virtual fountain of sexual/spiritual information about God's designs that stream out of me about what it means to be gay, gray and fey. [1]

[1] fey: "someone who seems like he comes from another world, kind of like an elf**.** fey comes from the Old English word fǣge, or literally "fated to die soon," which refers to that odd, good mood a person is in right before they pass away**.**" [internet] I'm fey because God let me get close to death through three attempts at taking my own life. I'm well beyond just being in a good mood about that. I'm giddy with delight at being alive.

empty nest syndrome

this is my 25th book. I just finished my 24th book a couple of days ago. it was called Chicken Salad for the Soul: a tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side.

I feel like that book was born from my loins. I raised it until it was ready to leave home. and now that it's out of my house [mind], so to speak, I feel empty nest syndrome. already I miss it.

for the past two weeks, I've felt God's Gay Agenda stirring inside me. figuratively speaking, I make love to myself spiritually every day, but I can't conceive another book until one book is grown and is about ready to leave home to be on its own. for two weeks I was pregnant with my next child. my literary, gestation cycle isn't any longer than a possum's [12 days], and we're both just as good at playing dead when we have to.

beginning to write a new book is like birthing a baby. but if you've done it as many times as I have, the contractions aren't nearly as painful as they once were. I pop 'em out easily. you would, too, if you'd birthed 25 children as I have!

a mother of new ideas looks at what's come out of her and sees a tabula rasa – a blank slate. this book has a potential that no other book of mine had. it's unique. and I have no idea what will emerge as a final rendition of self-expression through my literary expression. but I love it already.

like every parent, I have certain ideas about what all my good books "should" look like. they all must be about my relationship to God. they all must be about my relationship to myself. and they all must be lighthearted [gay]. that's all I know before I wean them onto solid food-for-thought. we'll just have to see what this child of my loins turns into once it has a mind of its own.

Ina Garten – modern comfort food

Ina Garten, "the barefoot contessa," has a program on the Food Network in which she shows her audience how to prepare modern, comfort food. but the truth is that Ina Garten *is* modern, comfort food. just watching her cook and listening to her pleasant voice makes me feel comforted all over.

what is it about her demeanor that produces such a deep and delightful sense of well-being in me? It's not just nostalgia for the good 'ol days. I've watched many episodes of her show with Will, but while he's studying her cooking techniques, I'm studying her interpersonal style with the camera.

when you talk to yourself out loud in front of a mirror, you've got to have a very strong sense of your place in the world. you've got to be able to anticipate how others would respond to you.

I like thinking about such things because I wasn't always the charming and endearing individual that I am today... I had to learn from good examples how to change my attitude. and, believe me, I have an attitude that's been through a lot of changes! going from a sour citrus to a sweet, stone fruit is no easy task. starting out as a lemon and becoming a peach doesn't require much of a change in size or color, but it requires an enormous change in taste.

going from a cherry to a berry, a lady-finger banana to a plantain or a grape to a raisin is even more challenging. not every fruit can blossom from the same trunk from a whole other branch. but that's what a tree of knowledge is here to learn to do.

grafting isn't just for fruit [gay] trees anymore. everyone can graft new outcomes onto their old ways of blossoming and blooming. you can become somebody new and different. even nuts [straight people] can do it…

so, how is it that Ina Garten makes me feel so tickled and well-held inside? she makes me yearn to ripen a little more in my own unique way, even on those days when I feel rotten.

her signature question is “how easy was that?” the question contains the answer within it – and she asks it in the past tense, when the chore is already behind you! if you’re seeking ease, Ina’s got the answer, and she offers it in a rhetorical style of questioning that wipes all worry and angst off your face. she irons you like a wrinkled garment still warm from the dryer. and she does it without the spray starch they shower you with in religious institutions.

in full disclosure if you didn’t read the footnote, I tried to kill myself three times in my twenties. my proximity to death has had an ongoing effect on my life. after I recuperated from my early childhood and adulthood traumas, I got my B.A. and teaching credential. I became a junior and senior, high school English teacher. then I got two M.A.’s and went on to teach college level ESL.

teachers teach their students how to achieve worldly knowledge. that requires good work habits, concentration, study and educational aids such as index cards, oral reports and study partners.

I’m sure God saved me from an early death to guide me toward the teaching profession to teach me a lesson about having tried to kill myself. I had no interest or gift for making money in the business world. but I had no interest in teaching pubescent people, either. I’m an artist at heart.

I once had a teaching colleague who jokingly said that low-level, 20th Century, European Nazis were punished by God by being reincarnated as junior high school, English teachers in America. everyone in the teacher’s lounge that day nodded their heads in agreement. the feeling of crucifixion among English teachers was intense.

teachers of cooking, like Ina Garten, are the next level of educators. they teach us how to concretize food-for-thought into food. we can’t live without food, but we can certainly live without personal knowledge of how this world works from the inside out.

teaching people how to cook food with an attitude of gratitude, ease and inner comfort is much more of an art than teaching people how to ingest data, facts, and everyday

information to produce external knowledge. that's why Ina Garten is a teacher's teacher, and I am not.

the third, and highest level, of teaching is comedy. comedians hold a very high level of respect in the Jewish community, here on Earth and, supposedly, even in God's realm. according to learnèd rabbis, helping people laugh at how hard it is to teach people anything at all is the ultimate test of patience and what's needed to appreciate all the sick jokes being told down here.

the greatest of all Jewish comedians was, of course, Jesus. when He was living in Israel, everybody was telling Him, "You're *joking*, aren't You? You *must* be kidding!" [Mark 6:1-6, Matthew 21:42, Luke 51:56]

most people couldn't take Him seriously. they still can't. even most Christians insist He wasn't serious about this or that. they ignore the red-letter words of the Bible entirely and insist on following literal, outdated interpretations of the words of Moses in the book of Leviticus, instead.

Jewish doctors aren't nearly as respected as Jewish comedians in the circles I frequent. a Jewish doctor will only save your vehicle [body]. a Jewish comedian will save you from going miles out of your way as you make your way to your final Destination.

who's going to save your body and who's going to save your butt? who's more important to you, a doctor or a comic, and when? I don't think I need to remind you that I'm an expert on matters of the male butt. parents were so terrified of what I was going to promote in class that I lost one of my teaching jobs because I came out to my students. they taunted me, thinking I'd remain shivering in my closet. I may have lost my job in 1990 over it, but I gained a great deal of self-respect.

I taught pubescent kids and young adults English for ten years. I don't think I was half-bad at it, but I left the profession to others because I got bored with the subject matter. the English language hardly ever changes. how many times can you introduce people to the same words and grammatical rules without stifling a yawn? and you already

know from what I revealed earlier about myself that I'm not crazy about people generally. so, it's no surprise that teaching wasn't going to be my shtick for a lifetime. God had simply punished me for having tried to kill myself by making me a teacher. but I've since repented…

take my advice. you'll thank me if you do. don't kill yourself. don't become a teacher. become a comedian who clowns around on stage every day of your life. putting even a hint of a smile on somebody's face in a world as cruel as the one we have to endure is like making a miracle.

Will does all the cooking in our family. he's an amazing chef and baker. he loves to comfort me through my stomach, as well as in the dark arts located below the waist. when you find a boyfriend like that, never let him go.

Will is my passion fruit. he isn't dramatic or melodramatic. he does everything with heart and soul, but he doesn't advertise where he's coming from. if people can see who he is, so much the better. if not, that's their loss.

I, on the other hand, am more like a lady-finger banana. I stick my index finger where it shouldn't go, just to see what will happen. I lived in Holland for three years, and once I even stuck my finger in a dyke just to see what pulling it out would do to the lowlands... maybe I'm not like all the other fruits and nuts. maybe I'm just bananas. we all know that bananas come from grasses, not trees.

I cook for myself all week, and, frankly, I have no complaints with my cooking because my standards are low. I don't care about taste. and I don't care about presentation. my food just has to be healthy and bountiful. I need quality and quantity, not taste or beauty. that's why Will refuses to eat anything I make.

I could never comfort people with my cooking, like Ina can. I don't even have clever ways to associate food with food-for-thought. people don't want recipes on how to simmer and stew in their own juices. they don't want to learn how to save their bacon or baste the next turkey that comes along. if I tried to write a cookbook on people, it would be

for cannibals, not civilized human beings. I'd rather serve people's heads on a platter than give them food-for-thought that goes in one end and comes out the other.

because I'm most interested in solving people's syndromes, rather than their problems, I've had to learn the hard way that people don't want my help. none of my books has been published. God has taught me that through painful experiences that have left me feeling rejected and useless to the unfolding of humanity.

I was never a problem solver. I had to learn to see myself as a syndrome solver. my psychic wounds left me cynical and skeptical to an unusually high degree. therefore, I've found my calling as a *gay* clown and *Jewish* comedian even though I could never be a professional, standup comic.

I freeze in limelight. I hate to be away from home, and I have to be in bed by 9:00 o'clock at night. and if the audience didn't laugh at my jokes, I'd probably start lecturing them on what's wrong with their sense of humor. so, stand-up comedy is out.

in my opinion, the Good Book is a comic book. I'm including both the Old Testament and the New. and the Quran is my idea of the Sunday funny pages writ large. in fact, if you add the Kama Sutra, Bhagavat Gita, Dhammapada and Tao Te Ching to western scripture, you get as good a sense of what they were all trying to accomplish as you'd find today in "the Onion."

if you don't believe me, I've written books on each of the world's scriptures. so, I think I know what I'm talking about. you'll find a complete list at the end of this book.

teaching people how to find life amusing was the goal of all the great sages. what's the point of living life with a frown on your face? you're only making yourself and others miserable. that's no way to live. all the great thinkers agree that the outcome of a miserable life will leave you in dire circumstances hereafter. surely, St. Peter asked to be crucified upside down so that people would finally see the smile on his face.

so, learn to laugh at The Human Comedy. the jokes keep coming because the male ego keeps getting bigger. pain and suffering have even been extended from people to the animal kingdom. now we all have reason to laugh hysterically with the polar bears as the ice melts around us.

I'm so glad I didn't succeed in killing myself [three times]! now I can sit with the audience and watch as some try to kill others using metal semen [ammunition] emitted from metal penises [guns]. now, that's a sick joke!

have you noticed that weapons are always black? they're never rainbow colored. it's all a farse, I tell you.

this has got to be the best place in the universe to graduate with a Ph.D. in wit and wisdom. I've now resolved to remain here as long as I can. someday, I hope to graduate life with a Ph.D. in Jewish humor after having completed my arduous studies at gay clown school.

thank heaven for little gurls

"Gilmore girls" takes place in a small town in Connecticut called Stars Hollow. it's supposedly 30 minutes outside Hartford, but who can't see that it's a clever recreation of Protestant heaven here on Earth that offers brief glimpses into hell? all the residents with speaking roles are White, physically whole and healthy. they all look like Protestants, and they all sound like Jews. they're intellectually sharp, sexually cool and verbally inane. nothing bad will ever happen to them. tragedy doesn't exist in their world.

the *hearts* of the residents of Stars Hollow are in the right place, but their hearts are hollow. each one of them is like a hollow star. they care for everyone without having to care about caring for themself. they wouldn't recognize the spiritual significance of a current event if it hit them between the eyes. Sandy Hoek, CN is as far from Stars Hollow as Alpha Centauri is from our sun.

even though I don't like all the residents of Stars Hollow, I do love them. I'm even in love with Jess, Rory's second boyfriend. Jess looks Catholic. he's got smoldering, dark eyes, black hair and a secret he holds close to the vest.

unlike Dean, Rory's first boyfriend who was jealous of every guy who looked at her, Jess recognizes jealousy and cleverly walks around it to get what he wants. you gotta love Jess. the bad boys are always so attractive!

watching "Gilmore girls" has been a psychologically enlightening experience for me personally because it's taken me back to life in L.A. in the 60's and 70's when heaven was far above the clouds and Stars Hollow hadn't yet been manufactured to give us the impression that pieces of paradise could be brought down to Earth. when I was a kid, Jews were Jews and Christians were Christians. Mr. Ed could talk, but Wilbur was as intimidated by the talking horse in his barn as he was of the wild stallion in his pants.

in my day, Carol, Wilbur's wife, had no idea there was a talking horse on the premises. and she certainly never

suspected there was a wild stallion yearning to gallop free in the bed she shared with Wilbur at night.

today, there's a stallion in every man's stable. and it's not afraid to make its wishes known to the public. in my day, sex was still top secret. it was something you were proud to be ashamed of. gay liberation and the pill have changed all that.

it's taken half a century to awaken Americans up to the idea that once you admit that everybody's hip to sex, you discover a virtual menagerie of natural impulses and urges you cross at that Mason-Dixon line you cinch with a belt at your waist.

when I was a kid, my mother and I had the relationship Lorelai had with Rory. we were a mother/daughter power team. but it was our little secret. in fact, it was such a top-secret secret that we even kept it from ourselves. I can now see why my sister was so frustrated with us. I'd "stolen" her dream team, mother-and-daughter relationship, out from under her. I had what my younger sister always wanted.

my sister didn't suffer from penis envy. she suffered from semen envy. I penetrated our mother without my delivery device [penis]. I figuratively infused our mom with the life-giving substance within me. how can a heterosexual gurl compete with a dynamic duo like that?

I didn't even realize what my mother and I really had until I found myself welling up with tears at moments in the "Gilmore girls" when there was no reason to cry. sentimentality? for what? I couldn't tell what made me soft and tender inside at moments when the story line was going along just fine.

being transported to heaven [Stars Hollow] has been a lot like flying above the clouds in a rocket to look down on the Earth from the space station. I wiz around the planet getting the big picture view of life that I wouldn't achieve if I were grounded. all that's required is passion to get past the gravity of my own stinking thinking.

if my secret relationship with my mother had been psychologically revealed to either one of us at the time, I suspect that things would have been different all across

America. I wouldn't have had to leave the U.S. for Israel to explore my burgeoning sex life at 18. I could have had sex in the same hemisphere my mother lived in without feeling guilty about it. I could even have come out of the closet here at home rather than abroad. I could have admitted to myself that I had absolutely zero, sexual interest in women without having had to experiment sexually with gals, much to everyone's chagrin.

if I'd known the difference between the delivery device of my wants [-] and desires [+] and that strange mixture of good and evil in my semen], I could have gotten a handle on what I was doing in the real world. I wouldn't have had to become the big secret to myself that I was.

snakes may have two penises, one for the semen from each testicle, but man has been given only one delivery device for both testicles. man mixes the juices of his fruits [good and evil]. this is what makes morality such a conundrum. this is what makes life so confusing for men. if we were snakes, we'd have two penises, one for good and one for evil. then people could tell where we're cuming from.

the first time I tried to kill myself by swallowing 100 aspirins, I called my sister. she rushed over, called an ambulance, held me and cried until the medics arrived. I can't imagine how difficult it must have been for her to break that news to our mother.

the second time I drove my car off a cliff. some stranger called 911. my mother came rushing to the hospital with a deli-made, chicken salad sandwich to make all things right with the world. I had to scream for the nurses to get her away from me.

the third time. I tried to kill myself by making an omelet out of a toadstool from a neighbor's lawn. I didn't even get a stomachache. thank God, my family didn't need to be involved. but because I wasn't yet on speaking terms with God in those days, I could only look at what I was doing to myself, even though I was hardly the right person to question me about my intentions. I didn't have a clue how I ticked.

I don’t blame God for what I did. I now thank Him for how He handled what I did.

my challenges in life aren’t the challenges the people in Stars Hollow are facing. by turning their tongues into tommy guns [thanks to copious amounts of coffee], they’re all able to shoot one another and hit their mark without drawing blood. granted, on the odd occasion, somebody says something that figuratively breaks the skin by getting down to the heart of the matter. but all the characters in that small town are already so wounded that it really doesn’t matter if there’s one more hole in them that leaves them a little more scarred over time. they’re never going to die having seen the world as we have to witness it. they’ve all been damned to heaven on Earth as we sentimentally watch them go through life in the easy lane.

coffee is the drug that makes it possible to turn your tongue into a weapon. Democrats may be fighting to license guns and ammunition only to grown men and women who are sane. but that's a big challenge because guns have become substitutes for penises, and ammunition, for semen. everybody thinks it's his right to own a big, black delivery device to prove his worth.

White men used to own big Black men to prove their worth. now they use guns while pining over the "good ol' days" when a man could own as many Black delivery devices as he could afford. now that coffee is being drunk by juveniles and even by some children, long, wet tongues are trying to do what guns do to force people to "converse" with one another "candidly."

I'm not impressed with candor. I think silence is a far greater virtue than honesty. I may be telling you what I think in writing, but I'd never talk to anyone this way face to face.

needless to say, there's a lot of untapped aggression in this country, and we all know where that comes from. it comes from the south of every man and woman's waistline. it comes from the place where the Son don't shine.

drinking coffee is ubiquitous in America because life is dark and bitter. but drinking in reality as it really is being served to us is probably a good thing, even if we find the truth a bit hard to swallow. we should all associate coffee with the bitterness of life and the hyper-activity it creates that compensates for an under-developed imagination.

but adding cream to your coffee creates quite another story. cream corresponds to the milk of human kindness. and the milk of human kindness corresponds to mother's milk [colostrum] and father's milk [semen]. it takes father's milk and mother's milk to make and raise a child who'll survive this dark and bitter world we live in.

adding cream to your coffee indicates that you've got a yearning for both milks. but don't get me started when it comes to sugar! life is terribly bitter as is. just adding cream

to your coffee isn't going to change that. sugar [love] is needed. asking a person if they'd like one lump or two in this day-and-age is a joke. we all need a lot more sugar [love] in our coffee [bitter life] than we used to. and we don't want that love served to us in lumps.

that's made artificial sweeteners in liquid and powder form [false modesty] all the rage. I don't have to tell you how many kinds of artificial sweeteners there are today! and they all promise not to cause you to eat yourself up inside with grief or cancer.

fortunately, Starbucks has made a business of this, and they're glad to add a wide assortment of flavorings and sweeteners to coffee to substitute for what life is missing. but don't think you're not going to pay through the nose for their psychological/beverage services. just ask your primary care physician if you don't believe me.

I was quite content to drink milk when I was a teenager. little did I know at the time that I was lactose intolerant. my trips to the bathroom were more like an outing to a brick manufacturing plant. turned out, I can't stomach coffee, colostrum or semen.

I didn't know that I was holding a secret bond with my mother growing up. nor did I realize that I associated my intestinal cramps with her menstrual cramps. I just figured I was like her in every way. keeping the feminine side of yourself a secret from yourself that you only indirectly reveal to your mom, and her knowing about the feminine side of you, but keeping it a secret from herself, can prove to be quite a shock in later life when you discover a mother/daughter relationship you never saw at the time. it changes your perspective on everything you went through growing up.

granted nowadays. there are many boys who refuse to keep such secrets secret. and there are many gurls who refuse to keep the father/son relationship they have with their dad a secret, either.

so, I'm redefining "sentimentality" as a secret you keep from yourself that makes you well up with tears unexpectedly that you can find no rational way to explain.

"verklempt" is what the Jews call "sentimentality." soppiness is a seasonal secret from which everyone gets soft and tender inside over a Brother/brother or Brother/sister relationship at Christmastime that nobody admits is about the secret relationship they wish for with themself.

what do you suppose you'd find if you removed the cloth around Christ's loins? I hardly think He'd look like a Ken doll. Jesus was as male as the rest of us and just as assertive. He had to have had an anus, too. He was made in His Father's image just like the rest of us. that truth about reality shouldn't spoil Christmas. it should only give us great reason to celebrate all the messengers of truth and deliverance.

I behaved *sadistically* toward myself in trying to kill myself. I behaved *masochistically* by letting me do so. over time, I behaved in *dominant* or *submissive* ways. but today I behave *assertively* or *compliantly*.

I was far too extreme in being masculine and feminine when I was growing up. I've become much more of a combination of moderate masculine and feminine characteristics over my lifetime. I attribute this to being gay and Jewish. I've since learned to admire both sides of me.

chocolate is to women

God wouldn't have told us that vengeance is His if He hadn't given us adequate substitutes for it. chocolate is one of life's substitutes for vengeance, especially for women, I'm told. sports are certainly that substitute for most straight men. but anal sex is a substitute for vengeance for gay men. screwing men literally, rather than financially, politically or religiously, is far kinder and morally sound.

in my opinion, anal sex is even sweeter than chocolate, and cuming is just as exciting as your team winning. there's something about all three – chocolate, sports and anal sex – that can make anyone feel good through and through.

once you've taken a bite of chocolate; a bite out of your opponents; or sunk your penis into a juicy ass – you know there's no need for vengeance in life. everything rests in our hands! And our hands rest in God's Hands. If we don't explore our penis envy and semen envy, we're going to destroy ourselves.

the only thing we need to do is pursue justice at all times. with justice for all, rich and poor, there'll be no need for men to take vengeance into their own hands. they'll feel good about their contribution to creating a peaceful society that works cooperatively with all other civilized societies. this is what will unite the world for future generations.

the responsibility in getting word out that chocolate, sports and anal sex make great substitutes for vengeance lies with Madison Avenue. sadly, the advertising world doesn't yet see the opportunity to cash in on all three. advertising the benefits of anal sex just isn't their thing. Madison Avenue has a stick up its ass when it comes to anal sex. what else would explain their inability to substitute a penis for a joy stick and an anus for a muffler? they don't mind figuratively sticking their nose up vaginas to get people to buy their products using heterosexual temptations, but they're too "evolved" to promote products and services using gay sex.

“where you lead, I will follow”

by
Carol King and Toni Stern
[sung during the opening credits of “Gilmore girls”]

[sung from mother to daughter]
wanting you the way I do,
I only wanna be with you.
and I would go
to the ends of the Earth
‘cause, darling
to me that's what you’re worth.

[sung from daughter to mother]
where you lead,
I will follow
anywhere that you tell me to.
if you need,
you need me to be with you
I will follow where you lead.

[sung from mother to daughter]
if you’re out on the road
feeling lonely, and so cold
all you have to do is call my name,
and I’ll be there
on the next train.
where you lead,
I will follow
anywhere
that you tell me to.
if you need,
you need me to be with you,
I will follow
where you lead.

[sung as a duet]
I always wanted a real home
with flowers on the windowsill,
but if you wanna live in New York City,
honey, you know I will.
[yes, I will, yes, I will]
I never thought I could get satisfaction
from just one [wo]man,
but if anyone can keep me happy,
you're the one who can.

"Gilmore girls" used this song in every episode to portray a mother/daughter relationship that had never before been elevated to a love that candid and intimate before. Lorelai and Rory weren't lesbians. they adapted lesbian love from the story of Ruth and Naomi in the Book of Ruth in the Hebrew Testament. they showed the intimacy two women can achieve, regardless of their familial bond.

in the Book of Ruth [1:14] Naomi [mother-in-law] and Ruth [daughter-in-law] "weep openly," the Hebrew text says. "Ruth clung to Naomi when asked to part."

"interestingly, the word "clung to" is the Hebrew word "dabak." it's a common word describing closeness that's also used of Adam and Eve in Genesis [2:24]: "for this cause, a man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cling [dabek] to his wife; and they shall become one flesh."

Ruth begs Naomi: "don't urge me to leave you or turn back from following you." the author of the text chooses to impress us without apology or embarrassment with words of Ruth's commitment to Naomi that are repeated in wedding vows that end with "till death do us part."

The relationship between Naomi and Ruth continues, "for where you go, I will go, and where you lodge, I will lodge. your people shall be my people, and your God, my God. where you die, I will die, and there I will be buried.

thus, may the Lord do to me, and worse, if anything but death parts you and me." [2:16-17]

"after expressing this Eternal commitment, Ruth and Naomi return together to Judah, seeking security together with Ruth caring for Naomi."

my sister's relationship to our mother was bad. it was more like Lorelai and Emily's relationship. my relationship with my mother was more like Rory and Lorelai's relationship and like Ruth's and Naomi's. if you don't want to judge a book of Torah by its cover, then don't judge people by their gender. you're going to screw up the messages in scripture if you insist that man's relationship with God must conform to the genders found in the Hebrew testament. where is that written?

special, sexual sightings

when I think back to all the sexual experiences I've had, I can only think of a few that really stand out in my mind as having been sexually, spiritually special. I slept with a lot of men, but few of those experiences were memorable enough to drool over with pride in retrospect.

I'm an avowed lover of sex. in my opinion, monogamy is only for people who truly love sex with all their heart and soul. I endeavor to act passionately through all that I do, but I only want to express the sexual side of my passions with one man.

I suppose I'm so deeply in touch with my penis that I even think about what it would be like to have sex with God. I wouldn't mind being the sun screaming out with joyous colors as it goes over the horizon into God's Arms. perhaps everything I do to be good is really about making myself more attractive to Him. what if death was sex with God, but He found me grossly unattractive? what would happen to me, then? I shudder to think.

the earliest, memorable sex I had was at about the age of 19 with an Israeli soldier. I was dancing in an Israeli ballet and modern dance company. he and I made it together once in Tel Aviv and a second time in New York City a few years later. the word I'd use to describe sex with him was "tender." he was the first man who showed me that tenderness is hot. I'd never experienced tenderness with a man before. he made me shine inside. he made love to me in a way that made tenderness incredibly sexy.

there was another young man I met in Tel Aviv in those days who also modeled tenderness. he mixed tenderness with passion. we did it three times in one night, but we never saw one another again. we met in a park one night. he was married with a baby daughter who he was watching over while his wife was away visiting family. even though he was a married man, I don't regret the tenderness and passion we shared.

he brought me to conscious awareness of the depth of a platonic tenderness I'd experienced with my father when I was a youngster, despite later discovering that investing feelings in my father was like gambling with a one-armed bandit.

after that night with that married Israeli, I resolve to seek sex only with unmarried men from then on out. I decided that I wanted what he had, and I was willing to avoid men who'd achieved that degree of tenderness and passion with their wife, even if they were willing to share what they'd achieved with their wife with me.

the next spiritually memorable sex I had was in Holland with a Norwegian ex-boyfriend of my Dutch boyfriend, who lived in Utrecht. I'd left Israel and was living in Holland. my boyfriend's ex was visiting him from Norway. by then, they were just friends. they drove in to Amsterdam so the three of us could spent the afternoon playing tourist together. my boyfriend had to go back to Utrecht [about an hour East of Amsterdam] to work that night, but his ex stayed the night with me since he didn't have to be anywhere.

we hadn't planned on having sex. it just happened. but he got so excited as we were doing the deed that he started to hyperventilate once he was deep inside me. he couldn't have been more than 25 years old, so I wasn't really worried about him dying in my arms. by that point, we were both so excited that I felt more like he owed me. he really wanted to cum inside me, and I really wanted him to, too. getting him across the finish line was a weird way of forcing him to follow through on his unstated promise to me.

because I was only 21 and still pretty sexually inexperienced, I didn't realize that cuming in another person is an expression of commitment. he made me aware of the commitment in promising to cum inside another person. I'd never looked at sex as a brief promise that needs to be fulfilled. that changed the way I looked at both stated and unstated promises.

the next incredibly memorable sex I had was many years later in L.A. with a Mexican, American man who was

hitchhiking late at night. I picked him up and we drove around for a while to decide if we were attracted to one another. when we he came back to my place, he was visibly shocked to see that I just opened the door of my ground floor apartment without a key, despite my front door being virtually at the sidewalk. I'd just come from living in Holland where curtains were considered rude trappings on windows and keys to locks, unnecessary for doors. in those days, the Dutch thought curtains and keys gave your neighbors the wrong impression.

we had incredibly hot sex that night. I'd never experienced passion to that degree before. it was as though the two of us were on fire. I felt we combusted like lighter fluid that just required a match to ignite us. when we were through, we both felt as though we'd been incinerated. we lay in each other's arms like two lumps of coal still glowing after a barbeque.

but the story didn't end there. one night I was alone in my studio apartment, sound asleep. I was having a dream that I was kissing a man who was embracing and fondling me. I dreamt we were underwater writhing in each other's arms without needing to come up for air. everything about our embrace was happening while breathing underwater. but we were slowly rising to the surface. and when I got very close to the surface, I suddenly couldn't decide if it was a dream or whether there really was a man having sex with me.

as I broke through the surface of the water in my dream, I opened my eyes and saw that there was a real man in my bed. when I pushed him away and got a good a look at his face, I saw that it was this Mexican, American dude. he'd come into my apartment knowing the door would be open. he'd taken off all his clothes and had been caressing me without first waking me up.

he invaded my space and touched me without my permission. but he did it in a way that completely disarmed and captivated me. that said, I sensed in the back of my mind that he wanted to take out his vengeance against the world on me, although he wanted to do so gently and tenderly. but

he did it with such finesse that I was completely disarmed by his approach. [I later discovered that I got syphilis from him that night.] men have many methods for getting what you both may want without you suspecting that their methods are unhelpful on another level of moral insight.

although there were a lot of men who broke my heart and a lot of men whose heart I broke, the sex was never that memorable. we were always trying to squeeze a round peg into a square hole. I guess I had a square hole, and didn't know it. we wanted something we couldn't attain with one another. that was the tragedy of sex in my youth when experience was my only teacher.

the last of my special, sexual sightings occurred a year or two before I met Will. I met the guy online. we decided to hook up one afternoon at my place. he turned out to be a good-looking fellow who'd been married for many years. he'd divorced his wife; found a boyfriend, and they were new arrivals to San Francisco. the sex with him wasn't anything to write home about. but what made this sex so special was the feeling of disgust he left me with.

he'd walked over to my apartment. but because he was new to the city, he didn't realize all the hills he had to negotiate, despite the fact that we lived only a few blocks apart. so, he arrived somewhat winded and disheveled. when he was ready to leave, I offered to drive him home. he accepted, but when we got near his street, he asked me to drop him off, making the claim that he didn't want to take me out of my way. [what he didn't want was his boyfriend to see him coming home in a strange man's car.]

and then it hit me that I was jealous of the relationship he had with his boyfriend. he was so new to the gay community, but I'd been in a 13-year gay relationship that had blown up in my face. I wanted another boyfriend more than I could admit to myself.

although I did as he asked and dropped him off to walk the rest of the way home, I wanted to be vindictive and take him all the way home to get him in trouble with his spouse. it was then that I realized that I was through screwing

around. I wanted to be in a committed relationship, and I was willing to do [or not do] anything it took to get my dream to come true.

using sex to get my feelings of vengeance out of my system felt as bad as using my feelings of vengeance in other ways. I thought vengeance in bed was immoral. it turns out that if you don't express vengeance in bed, you'll express it everywhere else in your life.

no one can know that more fully than a gay man who opens his legs to allow his partner to penetrate him to relieve his partner's need for revenge. when two gay men conspire with each other in this way, God smiles down on them. vengeance isn't just His. vengeance is ours. we take it out of God's Hands with gratitude and give it lovingly to one another.

it wasn't long after I realized how much I coveted that gay guy's relationship, not his penis or his semen, that I met Will. what makes sex with Will so incredibly amazing is that I can never anticipate what it's going to be like the next time we do it. it's always new and different. you'd think that sex would get old after more than a decade doing it only with one person. that's not the case for me.

what makes that possible is that I'm never the same person twice. I reinvent myself day-to-day. and when I'm not the same inside, my body responds differently to stimulation from the outside.

Will and I share intimacy, not just passion and tenderness. intimacy is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. "intimacy" is the word for what happens when you make spirituality your guide, and not just your penis. intimacy allows you to express your hatred with life lovingly with one special person.

when the "I" in my "it" interfaces with the "him" in his "it," the two of us experience something new and profoundly different every time we cum. this is what it means to me to be a spirit in a body on a journey. we've chosen to share our bodies, thoughts, feelings and beliefs with one another until

death do we part. and we do so by including our wants [-] and desires [+].

that doesn't mean that we have to agree on everything we think, feel or believe. it just means that we're equally curious to discover the miracle of evolving sexually spiritually with one another.

the feeling I get from sex with Will is the result of living my life as though death will be an experience of the ultimate, encounter: sex with God. because I'm doing everything I can to experience tenderness, beauty and spontaneity in every area of my life, I've opened myself to the mystery and magic of life in new ways with the same person. I've opened myself to these new possibilities because I can maintain the joy monogamy with my partner brings me. I'm now open to becoming someone I'll love and admire more than I ever was before.

this makes my relationship with God dynamic and inventive. this makes death a new beginning and not a dead end.

when I left home at the age of 17, I had to turn around and come back after three months. I couldn't make it on my own the first time I flew the nest. when I left again at 18, I was so sick and tired of my mother and the relationship of "intimacy" we had that I didn't fly around in circles to get a lay of the land. I flew from L.A. in a straight line as far away as I could – Israel – the other side of the globe.

I really just wanted to turn my back on my mother and keep moving away from her clutches without ever having to look back. sadly, I couldn't go any further east without coming back to the west. such are the poetic outcomes of living on a round world.

I'm not trying to frighten you into *loving* your parents. I'm only trying to encourage you to *honor* them. and the way to do so is with emotional grace and spiritual refinement. it takes polish, poise and charm to spread your wings and fly. any chick can fall from his nest and hop around on the ground until somebody picks him up in some bar or club somewhere. the beauty in making meaning out of life lies in soaring on gossamer wings.

if you don't have a history of love and tenderness with your family, don't fret. you, too, can learn to take flight. all it takes is goodwill to all others and a silent but growing need to protect yourself at all times. the last feathers you want to ruffle are others'. that's what will ruffle your own. nobody needs to know how frightened or alone you feel. nobody needs to know that you don't know what you're doing. nobody needs to know that an attitude of gratitude doesn't always make its way to Heaven and back overnight.

you're living your life all on your own. you're not in an iron lung that breathes for you. faith in the fact that there's a magical kingdom within you that you can push out of you into the world we share is all that you've got.

what I saw as gloom and grayness within me, is now around me. I'd been under a heavy blanket of icy feelings all my life, but I was finally able to push that inner environment

out of me. now I lament it around me. but it's no longer weighing me down inside. within, there's a tropical, Hawaiian paradise. there are warm winds that caress me and palm trees that wave as their palms smile down from their bushy heads. my inner world is lush and green. my inner world is safe. my inner world is friendly. and all the weather around me is a mirror of all the weather I've been through and no longer need to go through ever again.

God works in mysterious ways within you and around you. but you can't anticipate His plan. not every frog you kiss will turn into a prince. some of them will leave you with warts where you'd never expect to find them. hope lies in the fact that life only changes over time. remember what you were like when you were first enrolled in public or private school? remember what you were like when you graduated? you didn't even know what else your genitals could do when you started school. and somehow, without sex having been discussed much in class, you left school knowing about sex theoretically, and maybe even in practice. putting those sexual experiences into sexual/spiritual practice has been the outline for the curriculum all your life.

the school of life will continue to teach you new things about the power of your penis that you never expected to learn. you're going to continue to feel like a kid one moment and an adult the next. the shocks and surprises never stop. your magic wand [penis] has powers you can't imagine until you listen to the tales of fairy queens who only want what's best for you. leaving life will be like leaving your parents' home when you were a young adult. there are a million ways to fly the coup for the last time, and they all depend on how you plan ahead with a proper farewell you're fostering day-by-day.

therefore, it was important that you began with a proper farewell when you left your parents' home at the end of puberty. that will mirror the proper farewell you'll leave this world with when you leave life behind entirely – unless you atone for your ignorance.

if you already fell out of the nest or were pushed out because you were gay, pregnant, refused to go to college or for any of the other reasons that parents pressure their children into fulfilling their own dreams, your farewells will probably need to occur many times a day every day for the rest of your life. you'll feel like you're coming and going all the time.

in that case, your favorite word might be "toodaloo!" [French: toute à l'heure: {I'll see you at the appointed time.}] you can't yet fully imagine what beginnings and endings are for. death is the answer to life. death is the frame around life. death is the reason why you should do everything you can to live, not just survive.

what if death does end up being sex with The Teacher? what if the passion you put into life will be rewarded at the end? make every moment count by loving the one you're with.

paint-by-numbers

when I was a kid, I loved paint-by-number kits. to this day, when I eat a walnut that's slightly old and oily, it brings back the smell of the oil paints they used in those days. my idea of an artistic masterpiece looks like those paint-by-number canvases made up of dozens of shapes arranged in intricate patterns. together they created a comprehensive meaning that the eye blended to recreate reality on a 2d surface.

I was an expert at keeping my brush inside the lines when I was a paint-by-number artist as a kid. I never painted an area the wrong color. that would have been vile and evil. I knew how to obey the rules set down by the artistic world of self-expression for kids when I was a child at heart.

in puberty, I was a destined to become a jack of sexual interpretation and master of beauty right from the start. I just didn't know it the age of ten as I held a brush in my hands with paint on my brush in anticipation of a mystery about life I couldn't then comprehend.

when I grew up, however, I discovered that sexual *oppression* comes from society and weighs us all down. sexual *suppression* comes from our family and weighs each one of us down. sexual *repression* comes from within. and *depression* is the result of sexual pressures we don't have a clue we're suffering from.

now that I've earned my way out of depression – now that gray skies are around me and not within me – the sun is almost always shining inside, even when visiting my lesbian cousin and her wife in Ft. Bragg on the northern California coast where the rocky land and steely-blue sea engulfed in grey weather mirror the depressing inner world that once overwhelmed me.

when I grew up and visited the great museums of Europe, I looked at those masterpieces on the wall as paint-by-number masterpieces that simply took what I was doing within me to the next level. I knew art was a clue to the mystery of life. people had told me so. I just didn't know

how or why. and I certainly couldn't explain the process to you then.

it was a shock when I discovered that life wasn't a readymade canvas that I simply needed to fill in with oily, emotional colors that I brushed from my heart onto the world. the world wasn't a canvas constructed with well-defined lines. Nazism, the Holocaust and other "misunderstandings" of society weren't just a thing of the past. oppression, suppression, repression and depression have to be fought internally if we're going to avoid what "civilized," European Christians did to gays and Jews in the last century. we see the same thing happening in "civilized," Middle Eastern, Muslim societies today. you can't face yourself if you can't face the meaning of reality.

I had to ask myself what had people been thinking in the last century. where was their sense of order and decorum? if they'd just planned ahead and stayed inside the moral lines set down by their scripture, all that suffering could have been avoided. if the Germans had just been a little more sexually, spiritually careful, the whole 20th Century could have turned out differently. but human nature is more easily perceived in retrospect. only hindsight is 20/20. foresight gets blurred when insight is absent.

I've since discovered that life has to be messier than I'd like it to be. there is an order; there are lines. there are emotional colors that we're all given in small tubs at birth that we learn to unscrew and dip our brush into over time. but only by learning to hold your brush [penis] in your hand confidently does the secret to passion, tenderness and accuracy emerge. it's not as easy as it looks to paint a masterpiece if you haven't seen the box top to get a view of the big picture. there are layers of meaning to life that you don't find on a two-dimensional surface. there are levels of life that hold more meaning than just the relationship created by a white canvas with a bunch of squiggly black lines imprinted upon it.

nobody is keeping track of your masterpiece in the making, but you. nobody wants to know what you're trying

to say, but you. nobody cares what your life looks like, but you. nobody has seen the box top of your kit to be able to tell you how you should turn out. it's all up to you.

your parents told you they could do all that for you, but they couldn't know a damn thing about your future. they were as clueless to what you were trying to say as Da Vince would have been to Picasso's blue period when Pablo first arrived in Paris. not even Picasso could have told anyone then what he'd achieve by exploring Primitivism, Cubism, Neoclassicism and Surrealism.

parents aren't born art historians in the sexual, spiritual sense. they aren't art experts. most of them aren't even artists! and you'd hardly call what they've created a masterpiece in the making.

they're just people packaging paint-by-number sets to send out to stores for kids to enjoy. parents don't have a clue what to do for themselves, let alone for their children. they're making it up as best they can as they go along, just like the rest of us.

if some parents had known better, they might have looked more closely in the mirror and avoided making babies altogether. the world doesn't need babies who make babies. the world needs adults who can interface with adult gays and Jews honorably.

my lesbian cousin is the sister I never had. and I'm the brother she never had, although we both had siblings of both genders. I consider her wife to be my sister-in-law, and Will as their brother-in-law. this is possible to describe this way because we're chosen family. we've graduated the family God gave us to create a family model of our own. we needed to discover the meaning of brotherhood and sisterhood without the confines of the nuclear family model. this is what gays and lesbians can do, and do easily, because we were forced into circumstances beyond our control.

my lesbian cousin married the woman she lives with after 30 years together. there were a couple of years in between when they separated because my cousin fell in love with another woman. and because my cousin had never felt passion like that before, she was seduced and then cruelly dropped like a hot potato. then she went back to her former partner with her tail between her legs. and the two of them created a sexless marriage in late, middle age to avoid any unpleasant confrontations with sexual passion in the future.

this past year, I sent them an anniversary card. they'd both forgotten it was their anniversary! if it hadn't been for me, the day would have come and gone without them having recalled that they married on that day.

they call one another "wife." that's the word they use for their relationship, although a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. my mother raised me to be her *wife*. my previous boyfriend treated me like his *wife*. and my present boyfriend and I are like husband and *wife*. we just can't unravel who's which.

over 500,000 gay men had to die of AIDS by 2004 for my cousin and her wife to be able to say the word "wife" literally. it wasn't until straight society recognized that we have feelings and urges just like they do that they granted us marriage equality. I suspect my cousins respect each another no more or less than most husbands respect their wives.

loss is a necessity of life. it's an extenuating

circumstance that none of us wish to experience, but which is needed if we're going to question roses. grief deepens our meaning of words through experience. dead roses give meaning to why a living rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

"wife" is a word that emanates out of the feminine side of ourself. everyone has a male and female side. if you're not in a husband/wife relationship with yourself, you're in a Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde relationship, instead.

that's what God was referring to when He spoke about the abomination of a man sleeping with another man as though with a woman. treating yourself as less-than is like a homosexual encounter, not like a gay marriage.

what Will and I share is an evolved self-knowledge and understanding of what it means to be a human *being*, not just a human *doing*. my mother and father lived together for four years before they got married and I was born. they didn't want to bring a bastard into the world, so they decided to get married far enough before I was born [in 1952] so that nobody would suspect they'd been having sex before they were married and had children. I'm almost sorry now they bothered to get married at all, what with what their divorce after ten years of marriage did to our family.

my previous boyfriend and I took out a domestic partnership from the City of San Francisco. we were partners in a binding contract that brought legal responsibilities to our relationship.

when he blew off our commitment of monogamy to have a secret relationship on the side with his ex-boyfriend, I wondered what to call him. was he still my partner? or was he now *our* partner? behaving like a bastard has nothing to do anymore with the legal status of your parents when you were born. it has more to do with your relationship with yourself.

Shakespeare asked us to contemplate what's in a name. but I ask what's missing in a name? why are people so hung up on names for what their relationship means to them if they can't even live up to the spiritual meaning in the names

"husband," "wife" and "partner"? why bother to fight for a word to call the person you live with if the feelings you have for that person don't live up to the intention of that word?

learn the meaning of "husband," "wife" and "partner" from within, and then share that meaning with another person. don't do it ass backwards.

the relationship of Jesus to His Father is denounced by Judaism because the 2nd Commandment states, "you shall have no other God before Me." but Jesus, the Jewish God, doesn't come *before* God. He comes *after* Him, as does The Nameless God: The Holy Spirit. there is no law in Judaism that states that you can't have a God after God. chronologically speaking, Allah is also a God that comes after God. so, the Jews should recognize Allah, too.

that said, the way the Christians and the Muslims have treated the Jews and fought among themselves and with each other has been an abominable stain on His story. but the way they've all excluded the gays has been equally abhorrent. let's not fight over names anymore, shall we?

Will and I have no intention of ever getting married because we're not interested in copying what straight people have. we have no need for rings. we have no need for a word that defines how we feel about one another.

we have what most people want. we have romance. and if you don't know what romance looks like, let me describe it to you:

romance begins at night when you get up to go to the bathroom and you can hear your partner snore or pass gas in the bedroom. romance in the morning looks like forgetting to make the bed because you're busy doing something for yourself even though it's your job to make the bed, and your partner makes it without saying a word.

romance is picking him up from work without fanfare; him getting in the car and complaining to you that traffic at the intersection where he works is as crazy as ever. romance is watching the news together in the evening and agreeing on stories that are tragic, stupid, maddening, irritating, inspiring and sad.

romance is eating separately in the same room whenever you're hungry. romance is having sex like clockwork on the weekends because you can, without having to play emotional games in order to get down and dirty. romance is going food shopping and buying him whatever he wants because he wants it.

I can't go out and get another boyfriend. I've invested all my romantic feelings in this one. I can't anticipate my feelings by forcing Will to behave differently. I just have to learn what I can each day in class and hope that The Teacher doesn't choose to test me in matters of loss that would overwhelm me with the midnight hue of blue [grief] on the rainbow of hope.

romance is being in a relationship with someone who *likes* you and shows it. romance is smiling at each other a lot. romance is having a partner never tell you he *loves* you because he's always telling you he *likes* you in one way or another through his deeds.

what need is there to wax poetic about love? my life is framed by God's love [death]. but my picture is painted with strokes of likeness. romance is everything done for my boyfriend by *loving* myself and showing him how much I *like* him.

save your love for yourself. you're your type. you should date yourself all day, every day. but if you've found it difficult to live with yourself for a lifetime, engage with yourself more deeply. look at your idea of romance, and then romance yourself. promise you your love. honor and obey yourself. that's the only thing worth getting sentimental about. [2]

the word for your relationship with yourself is "love." the word for your relationship with your spouse is "like." love yourself. like everybody else as much as is humanly

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[2] I think the song "do you love me" from the 1964 musical, "Fiddler on the Roof" is a good example of romance as I'm defining it**.** if you look up the lyrics and they don't bring a tear to your eye, you're just not a romantic type**.**

possible, even your neighbors. if you choose to follow the dictates of Jesus, love others, but not more than you love yourself.

dreams are food-for-thought. breakfast is the break of your fast from food from the night before. your hunger all night is assuaged with food-for-thought called “dreams.” your dreams are spiritual protein and carbohydrates that contain vitamins, even though they have no calories. they’re conversations you have with yourself that you’d take more to heart if you loved yourself more.

your biological, operating system parallels your sexual, spiritual, operating system. your mind consumes food-for-thought all day that you figuratively swallow and digest at night. your dreams are the burps, grumblings and passing of spiritual gas caused by the spiritual dissemination of new ideas as they pervade your spiritual body before they come out your back end.

there are many kinds of dreams, each focused on a different aspect of your spiritual, operating system, just as your digestive, circulatory, nervous and reproductive systems are aspects of your physical, operating system.

in that sense, animal dreams describe your relationship to your penis [serpent], and dreams about people are a combination of animal [penis] and human [heart] dreams that are pumped through your body to nourish and replenish you.

when you’re asleep, you turn into a naïve boy like Narcissus. you stare at yourself in the lake in your heart, and your penis falls in love with what it sees. what you ought to see is a gorilla staring back at you, a huge, sad simian that’s frightening, ugly and sexually off-putting. but in an effort to assuage your ego, you deny that truth. you call some others monkeys, instead. you figuratively throw your feces at them. you look at others’ features critically without perceiving your own animal ancestry.

you walk through your life like a gorilla, but you don’t want to admit the similarity because you don’t want God to look at you as an animal. you only want to think of Him thinking about you as an angel in disguise.

but that's not realistic. you're an animal that has the potential to behave like a human being. you even have the potential to behave like an angel in God's Eyes.

whatever you'll become when you leave here depends on what you do while you're still here. if you don't use your time productively by falling in love with yourself, you'll never discover your potential, your power or your destiny. you'll never come to know yourself deeply. and without intimate knowledge of you, you'll never learn much about God.

animal dreams don't just describe your relationship to nature. they describe your animalistic nature, your relationship to your instincts. people who love animals and dream about being an animal in a relationship with other animals hold a healthy place in God's designs, so long as they don't screw animals literally or screw animals over. if you're mindful of the natural world and caring about your place in relation to nature, you're going to care about the planet in its entirety. you're going to recognize that loving life begins with loving yourself thanks to your, as yet, unrealized potential.

but, how in the world can you love yourself if you're mindlessly killing all the wildlife on the planet? that will only turn into a death wish that will haunt you till the day you die.

you know that gays and Jews aren't holding you back. you know that women and Black men aren't holding you back, either. you know that foreigners and disabled people aren't stopping you from doing a thing.

if you claim to love life; and your potential to contribute to life if you claim to vote people in office who represent your best interests; and if you care about your relationship to God – then you'd better take a closer look at your life as it appears in your eyes, day and night. all politicians, without exception, claim to believe in God. nobody claims to go to Washington to represent atheists. they all claim to represent their God-fearing constituents.

and yet, look at how politicians make decisions based on lobbyists who buy their vote. look at how they line their pockets by leaving office with jobs in industry that make them super-rich and powerful in little to no time.

disreputable politicians in Washington mirror the beliefs of their constituents. they're thieves who don't give a damn about a heavenly reward. they're only interested in material rewards that they can weasel out of us.

is the weasel the animal you'd like to see on your state flag? or would you prefer to have a rat, a snake or a vulture on your state flag, instead? be realistic about your state of mind, and you'll be more realistic about every state in the union.

look at the animals you're letting off your ark, two by two, and look at how they're reproducing themselves on dry land. look at America and tell me that our country is what God would be proud of as it looks today.

your animal dreams are a reflection of your nature. if your nature reflects a holy alliance with killers [6], cheaters [7], thieves [8] and liars [9], I wouldn't count on a heavenly reward just yet.

there are many more eggs that need to be counted than chickens. break out of your shell and do your part, or expect to get roasted, fried or find yourself in hot water. serve God. don't wait to get served by Him.

why I cry easily and often

there was a time as a child when I cried easily and often. and then there was a time when I cried infrequently. and then came a time when I stopped crying altogether except for rare occasions when I'd burst into tears uncontrollably. today I well up with tears easily and often. and if you don't feel as I do, I'd like to tell you why you should strive to do something you could do so easily as a child that you can't seem to be able to do anymore hardly at all.

the blue [sorrowful] realm of the rainbow teaches us about the 10th Commandment: "you shall not covet your neighbor's house. you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his male or female servant, his ox or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbor."

let me first tell you what the 10th Commandment means to me so that when you break it, you'll well up with tears from now on. coveting means two things to me: jealous and envy. jealous is something I define as a lust for other people's body. we all project our lust for a side of ourself onto others. lust is a level of jealousy in which you want another body [vehicle] in addition to your own.

when you want to enter somebody's body sexually, you really wish to give that person a part of you. sexual intimacy is so immensely passionate that it's almost like body switching, not body snatching. when two people are passionately embraced, their jealousy [lust] consumes them.

envy is quite different. I see envy as an attraction to another person's virtues. I envy the brilliance of other people's mind. I envy the magical hues of jewel-tone feelings they can express and how they splash the colors in their heart in magnificent ways onto the canvas of others. I envy the beliefs they hold that are secure and full of faith. I envy the principles that lead them in other directions than where I'm going.

jealousy is an attraction to something material. envy is an attraction to something abstract. we're all an "I" in an "it." therefore, we hold responsibilities that come with being an

"I" in an "it" on a journey. that's what it means to me to be a human being striving for God consciousness.

therefore, the 10th Commandment is really saying to me, "you shall not covet your neighbor's house [body]. you shall not covet your neighbor's wife [sex life], or his male or female servant [acquaintanceships], his ox or donkey [ethnicity], or anything that belongs to your neighbor [material or immaterial achievements]."

God had to tell us not to covet anything that isn't ours. He wants us to know that He created each one of us similarly, but not identically. therefore, we're each going to be rewarded and punished differently.

we're all variations on the same theme. but while I may express my love for eating through food-for-thought and comedy, Will expresses his love for eating by cooking and serving the dishes he wants me to enjoy. and his love of sports and entertainment express his love in other ways. some express their love through business ventures, service, pets, etc.

it hurts me to see anyone go through pain or suffering, unless I feel vindictive and believe they're getting what they deserve. when I see someone being rewarded unjustly, it also brings up angry feelings of revenge.

but when I stop myself from coveting what others have, I can better determine whether I believe they deserve their rewards and punishments. I don't think gays and Jews are being treated fairly enough in any society. prejudice against us is based on jealousy and envy of what we have that others don't.

when I read a passage I've written to Will, it's no different than a chef offering a spoonful of sauce to a visitor in his kitchen. writing is a way of tempting another person to envy what I have inside that I'm doing my utmost to express through a medium that works for me.

so, now that I've gotten the issue of coveting off my chest, I can move on to the topic of how to express your sorrow easily and often.

while watching “Gilmore girls” my eyes filled with tears on occasion. the writers gave me the wiggle room to see what I wanted to see. they shaped the characters and the stories their way, but I had the freedom to enjoy their view from my personal perspective.

I saw the imperfections of the characters and some of the mistakes they’d make before they made them. that’s what good writers do to flatter their audience to keep them engaged. if you know how the characters will act, and you anticipate some of what they’re going to do before they do it, it makes their trials and tribulations easier to bear. it also makes for shocks and nice surprises.

there’s no reason to cry copious tears in “Gilmore girls.” the show is a playpen that’s as padded as a cell in an insane asylum. and yet, I’ll bet dollars to donuts that you, too, felt deeply for the characters in many a moment in one or another episode. if you’re honest with yourself, you’ll admit that sometimes you didn’t even know why you welled up with tears, either.

perhaps you, too, were verklempt over something that wasn’t portrayed on the screen. perhaps you have a soft spot for a small town you don’t come from or for a mother/daughter relationship you never had. perhaps you feel sad about a grandparent who didn’t have gobs of gelt. perhaps you feel compassion for boyfriends who were nothing like Dean, Jess and Logan.

perhaps you empathize with the large, sexed-up, dance instructor [Miss Patty] who lives in the past but who reminds you of yourself; perhaps you’re like the weird, Korean, rock-n-roll, best friend [Layne] who’s caught been fame and family; perhaps you’re like the hyper-vigilant, Jewish, school chum [Paris] who can’t get along with anybody, especially with herself; or perhaps you, too, are a village idiot [Kirk] who works harder than everybody else, even though you have no idea why.

the screenwriters’ heavenly viewpoint is nothing like yours. your problems are nothing like their characters’. your solutions to problems look nothing like the characters’

solutions to their problems. but, my God, you may have wished yours did.

it would be so nice to live in Protestant heaven here on Earth. if you well up with tears from time to time, it's because you break the 10th Commandment easily and often. and what's more, you're probably secretly glad of it! you'd never want to be otherwise. you're sentimental. you're emotional. and you're grateful to God that you break His 10th Commandment with sappy tears and not the shouts of anger mixed with resentment that others use to show how bitter they are over what they didn't get. your sorrow with your life is a sign of what it means to be romantic.

people who wear their heart on their sleeve when they break the 10th Commandment go on to learn how to cherish Christ's other two Commandments. they learn [1] to love The Lord with all their soul and all their might. and they learn [2] to love their neighbor as themself.

you can't get to Commandments #11 and #12 unless you've completed all 10 of God's Commandments and are left with watery eyes. those tears are for you because you know you're the kind of person who loves life. you're jealous of other people's bodies and envious of their virtues because you want to do better. you see beautiful bodies everywhere around you, and you see virtuous behaviors everywhere, too.

If you have to denounce gays and/or Jews because you don't have what you want, you're coveting something you can have, albeit not by stealing it out from us. You can recreate what we have with God's help.

when you're covetous of what God gave to others without getting angry or upset by what they got that you didn't, you can work more diligently with all that's left in your lap.

it's possible to love your very imperfect body just as it is, and it's possible to love your very imperfect soul just as it's unfolding. you may be a mess inside-and-out, but you're *your* mess. you're all you've got to work with. if you don't

love you, who will? but if you do love you, you'll always worry about who won't?

your tears aren't always tears of sorrow, regret, disappointment or grief even though you can't call them tears of joy. sometimes they're just tears that flow freely out from within. they're just a river that carries you along to Commandments #11 and #12, so that you can continue the mystery of being you in ways that only God can reveal to you, personally.

if you want to do the backstroke through your tears, you're going to have to embrace the mystery of life with hard work and patience. that's all I've got in the way of hope to offer you. but frankly, that's all I think you need.

tenderness

Paul Simon touched on something important in his song "tenderness." "much of what you say is true. I know you see through me, but there's no tenderness beneath your honesty."

when he released this song in 1973, I thought he was singing it to a girlfriend. some might have imagined him singing those words to Art Garfunkel.

but, when I look back now at how my generation felt about our parents in those tempestuous days, I see that song as motivated by issues with Paul's father or mother, although I have no evidence to back up my suspicion. who doesn't come to make connections like that once s/he's on the other side of puberty? "you don't have to lie to me. just give me some tenderness."

once you can say you've made it out of your head into your heart, you look back at where you were with amusement. you see what a stiff neck you had to go through. some kids achieve that at puberty. some old people achieve it on their deathbed. and some don't ever get it.

Jesus achieved tenderness before puberty. He came to Jerusalem with his parents at about the age of 12 and was a sensation with the priests and rabbis at the Temple [Luke 2:42-52]. you might even say that He was the first Jew to show the ancient Jews that there was more to being made in God's image than they could imagine with just their mind. He showed them how to get out of their head and into their heart. for that, He was later crucified.

there have been many who've died for the same cause, and, tragically, many of them were Jews and indigenists who were killed by Christians.

so, when I listen to Paul Simon's song, "tenderness," I now hear the lyrics differently. to be a Jew or Christian requires tenderness. when I watch the news or listen to politicians who come across angry, belligerent and defiant, I'd like to sing this song to them, as well as to Muslims who rant and rave about gays and Israelis. I'd like to sing, 'much of what you say isn't true. I know you think you see through

me, but there's no tenderness beneath your dishonesty.' I can't think of a gentler way of telling them that they're deluded and in denial. I think that singing them this song would help tame the savage beast that's ripping their heart to shreds with jealousy and envy.

today is Tuesday. I go food shopping at Trader Joe's and Costco on Tuesdays. on the way, I stop off at a friend of mine who's physically disability, pick up her laundry and take it to the laundromat to be washed, dried and folded.

I don't need much at Trader Joe's, but a dear friend of mine who's 96-years old likes the stroepwaffles and graham cracker cookies they sell. she moved from her apartment into a residence home this year. so, I like to keep her connected to the greater world we live in with ice cream and other necessities of civilized life… an 85-year-old friend of mine gets his food from Meals on Wheels, but he likes to embellish the menu with items from Trader Joe's and Costco. and he has a cat that also needs to be fed. I shop for him, too.

I tell you this not to show off how generous I am. quite the opposite. I really don't like to give money to charities, institutions or political organizations. I wasn't raised in a household that did that sort of thing. we were poor. my mother was an immigrant and single mother. just putting food on the table and a shelter over my and my sister's heads was as much as our mother wanted to do for the world. that said, the last thing she wanted was to be the recipient of charity. she cried copious tears many a night just trying to figure out how to do what she had to do within her financial limitations. but it never occurred to her to avoid charity by giving it. she wasn't raised that way.

my mother married again after my sister and I were out of the house so we wouldn't be damaged by another romantic mistake she might make. she and her second husband opened a fabric store with the money she'd saved and the experience in business he'd gleaned. their business did well, but neither of them modeled charitable giving even then.

so, it's been difficult for me to open my checkbook to beggars. I started giving with little things that I got to enjoy myself, like radio and TV stations I listened to that relied on public support. and then I branched out to a couple of

politicians in tight races. from there, I donated to a hospital in Israel in exchange for some legal advice from a lawyer on a land inheritance from my grandmother from before the War. gay organizations and Israel's struggle for survival soon became issues that mattered to me.

there's so much need in the world, and there's so much selfishness in me. *selflessness* is anything I do for another person that's a projection of how much I yearn to love myself. and the border between selfishness and selflessness is constantly moving, like sand on the beach after the tide.

giving to my disabled and senior friends makes me feel that my contributions to my life are real. "Tuesdays with merchants" has become a spiritual practice for me because I'm shopping for more than my boyfriend and me. that opens me up to spiritual conversations with merchants whom I'd otherwise see as cogs in wheels, not human beings interacting with me, personally. there are now workers at T.J.'s and Costco who look forward to me coming and who call me by name.

the concept of charity is central to all faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism. sharing your good fortune with the less fortunate is a necessity of spiritual life. but it's worth asking ourselves why. why would God ask us to do for others what He does for us? why doesn't He just do for them what He does for us? why does He insist on middlemen?

the Earth has a south pole, even though we all strive to go north, toward success and toward the top of the world. going south is reserved for the concepts of death and dying. and yet, we need a pole in antarctica no less than we need one in the arctic.

because the world is round, many of the concepts we hold dear would actually lead us off the edge of the world if we followed our reasoning logically [mind] and rationally [heart] from start to finish. they'd make us go crazy.

you can't swallow new ideas without getting them out of your head, through your stiff neck and into the fire in your belly where they get digested and disseminated throughout your spiritual system. another way of saying this is that life

is more complex than it looks. the world is 3d, not 2d. up is up, whether you're in the northern or southern hemisphere, and yet up will take you in opposite directions if viewed from outer space.

the human body may be made biologically in the same way, whether you're a Jew or a Jain. but your understanding of yourself is very different from everyone else's understanding of you. you are an "I" in an "it." we're all in separate bodies having thoughts, feelings, beliefs and urges that are independent of one another. we see heaven from slightly different vantage points. this makes the journey of our life separate from all others, while still headed in the same general direction if we're good at heart. helping people who are less fortunate than you is an opportunity to see yourself walking in another man's shoes. it's an opportunity to practice goodwill on others so you can perfect it on yourself.

it's a stereotype that men are more influenced by their urges [penis] and women by their feelings [heart]. that's why there's so much more talk about penis problems than clitoris conflicts. the truth is that we're all half man and half woman. if you judge people by their genitals, you aren't going to understand their motives. if you judge them by their outer circumstances, you're only seeing a part of who they are. each of us interacts with the forces within us differently. that's why a charitable perspective is the best way to look *through* people to see what's going on inside yourself.

charity is a moderately good way of helping people through their limitations, but it's an excellent way of helping you through yours. give charity to others in the hopes of discovering things about yourself that you'd disapprove of in you if you could see yourself through others' eyes.

they say, "it's better to give than to receive," but giving isn't better than receiving. giving is a vehicle for receiving. try giving in ways you've never given before, and you'll receive in ways you never received before. the more you give in new and different ways, the more you'll receive in new and different ways. give only to receive. but leave yourself

open to the mystery of what you'll receive, how, when and from whom.

doing so will introduce you to the concept of recycling. food and drink are recycled through waste management systems. clothing is recycled through washing machines. and dishes are recycled through dishwashers.

there will come a point when you'll see how you can recycle your thoughts, feelings, beliefs and sensations. the human body is a recycling machine. until you see that in in the forces within you, you're going to treat people with less respect than they deserve.

flashing red lights

my parents were Holocaust survivors. as a child, I didn't realize they were figuratively driving with their flashers on all the time. I was in their vehicle, so to speak. how could I have known? people only told me that my mom talked funny. but I couldn't hear her accent, let alone acknowledge that she was an emotional mess for reasons I couldn't fathom. nobody wanted to tell me more about my journey with my parents for fear of frightening me.

but when I got out onto the road of life behind the wheel of my own vehicle, I discovered a lot about my parents I hadn't seen before. I'd always thought my mother was a terrific, spiritual driver because she literally used her indicator lights to let people know which way she was about to turn. she seemed open and honest about everything from my naïve perspective. she didn't keep secrets from me about the way she felt in the moment. but what difference does that make if you've got your flashers on all the time and the people behind you see you as a menace on the road?

I suppose what was so bad about the way my mother drove through life was that I unconsciously copied many of her bad habits. we all need to use our flashers from time to time. but I put my flashers on over some things that just didn't call for them. I made mountains out of mole hills. I blamed imaginary people for things "they" did that I could fight in court and win my case if "they" tried to harm me. my mother drove with her flashers on because she suffered P.T.S.D. I was just paranoid.

I advocated for the needs of victims that I invented in daydreams. I climbed trees to bring cats down that were howling for help [in my fantasies]. I pretended to be a hero in my mind's eye. I pretended to be a martyr for God. I was the world's greatest champion of the weak and disenfranchised everywhere except in the real world.

I was a hero *worshipper*. I wasn't a *hero*. I was sick and didn't know it because of my imaginary good deeds that no one bothered to question because no one knew about them. I

had to have my flashers on all the time, too. I had to warn those around me that I needed to rush into phone booths to change into my superman costume. I needed to double park my bat mobile to save the world.

I looked pretty weird to the general public. that's what happens when you have to be a hero, but you can't do anything heroic. it's all talk, or it's all empty gestures.

when I discovered I was recycling other people's concerns, my imaginary concerns made more sense. then I could see that I didn't have much in the way of compassion for losers. whether they were losers in wars, in sports, in love or with money – I didn't want to feel sorry for losers. so, I invented scenarios in my mind to identify with losers indirectly. that's why my flashers were always on.

in "Gilmore girl" terminology, I was Kirk, the village idiot. I was the guy who reinvents himself every 20 minutes to make himself feel needed and wanted. yet, he was the guy everybody overlooked and secretly laughed at. I was like Kirk, the designated scapegoat, the picture of Doran Gray. I didn't age in my mind's eye. only pictures of me aged. I thought I always looked outwardly fine.

but if Stars Hollow is Protestant heaven where everybody is half Jew/half Christian, I felt like the Muslim in the room. I was the outsider even inside. I was the dork [not the chicken] who crossed the road, but who couldn't tell you why. I was the joke personified.

I was the Jew du jour. I was the gay man everyone pointed fingers at as perverted. but I didn't have the voice to describe to myself how I saw myself.

for the longest time, I couldn't understand why people were wasting my time when I was in line waiting to check out my groceries. couldn't they see I was on a mission? couldn't they reflect on the importance of all the people waiting behind me who I was championing in my fantasy? my impatience was the personification of everybody's impatience, not just my own. and the person ahead of me paying for their groceries obviously refused to take that into consideration by not reading my impatient mind.

well, my parents are dead. the Holocaust is behind us. but the guy who double parks with his flashers on to run in and pick up a pizza or deliver a package still doesn't realize he's spending everybody's time in an effort to save himself time.

don't assume God has a rightwing, Christian agenda in which all babies conceived have to be born. if Christians can come up with an agenda that they proclaim God holds about life, then I can come up with an agenda I claim God has that defies death. I say God has a gay agenda.

everyone is a loser. everyone wants to be told that their losses matter. everyone feels ignored, neglected, betrayed and abandoned. nobody asked to be enrolled in this school. nobody wants to graduate with the grades they've got on their report card. we're all worried about our transcript.

living in a big city means you're going to meet a whole host of people you might not meet in a small town. you're going to meet people who don't signal when they turn. they don't brake for deer, dogs or birds. but they'll honk over anything.

people who figuratively drive with their flashers on because they were in the Holocaust are a thing of the past, literally speaking. but figuratively, we're just getting started when it comes to talking about dangerous driving on the highways of life.

watch what you say. watch what you do and where you're going. you'll be amazed at how your fantasies, dreams and nightmares are recycling others' losses. it's not always the fault of the gays and Jews, yet we're the ones who always seem to be blamed. it's not always the fault of America, yet Americans are blamed for the outcomes of the world.

you'll be amazed how well we could all get along on the road of life if we knew more about how to drive the vehicle we were given. whether or not people are hurting themself or others, assume it's a lesson that comes from our Teacher.

watch how others *feel* about what they think. watch how they *want* what they feel. watch how they *believe* what they

want. they're not aware of the different forces within themself. the thoughts in their head, feelings in their heart and beliefs in their soul are guided by the urges in their penis. they have penis problems because they don't understand the delivery device of the semen within 'em. they want to infuse the life-giving substance they produce inside, but they don't know how without shooting it into another person violently.

in “Gilmore girls” the fellow who runs the local diner is named Luke. Luke and Lorelai are in love. it’s obvious from the first episode. but they need six seasons to teach us how grown men and women get through denial before a sexual/spiritual partnership can be achieved.

self-denial is a way to avoid self-discovery, but how can any of us know when we’re in denial? you can’t see around a corner until you get to that corner.

my parents met in Munich, Germany two months after the War. they fell in love almost instantly. the reason I think their chemistry was such a match was because my father was monetarily rich and spiritually poor, and my mother was spiritually rich and monetarily poor. their 14-year relationship ended with finger wagging and screams of betrayal.

disappointments with who you were and who you chose to share your life with are very real outcomes for those who are in denial. reality is hard to face in the moment, but it isn’t easy to face in retrospect, either.

and then, there was the relationship between my first boyfriend and me. we were like business partners in a construction firm. we bought a house together and spent ten years fixing it up. when the house was complete, our relationship of 13 years synchro-mystically was complete. I discovered he was cheating on me, and we broke up.

I erroneously assumed he’d never loved me. in truth, he loved me like a business associate with benefits. that’s all either of us could achieve in the way of love at that time in our lives. we were in denial of our limited ability to fully share our love for ourself with one another.

Will is my second long-term boyfriend. we’ve both been in previous relationships. we can both look back at the ways in which we were in denial. hindsight may not be 20/20, but it certainly brought us insight into who we were and how we don’t want to behave anymore.

binding two scriptures into one book is unique to Christianity. would that Christians could enjoy a relationship with Jews that mirrors the relationship Will, who's Catholic, and I share. but anal sex is still a sticking point in both faiths. they don't see sodomy as a virtue because they don't see the serpent in their own tree as a virtuous voice.

hyper-religious Jews and Christians are in denial of why God gave us ten holes in our body, only one of which is on the back side of ourself. there's no way for any of us to turn around to see what this hole is for. we have to draw our conclusions on this matter indirectly.

the serpent in the creation story told Eve she'd become like God if she knew the difference between good and evil. it's true! there's no reason to blame the serpent for saying that. how else can you come to know God except with experiences that teach you the difference between right and wrong? don't judge the message by the appearance of the messenger, or you'll conclude I'm a snake for suggesting such a thing.

being the top in a relationship isn't something gay men fight over. there's a natural attraction between the serpent and the hollow in our tree. we'd penetrate our own anus with our erect penis if we could.

whether you prefer to be the top or the bottom in a relationship, your efforts, whether sexual or nonphysical, should be the result of dynamics the two of you should be naturally attracted to and aware of from the start. your preferences in giving are your way of giving. and the ways in which you prefer receiving are forms of giving, too.

whether you're giving to another person or receiving, you should both be enjoying the outcome. why bother to be in a relationship where you have to fight to get what you want?

if you're in a relationship with someone from another faith, you should get to know their faith as well as your own. you'll be amazed to discover how much all of us have roots that grow down so deep that they entwine with The Same

Rock, even if many exotic branches have been grafted onto the trunk of our tree over the course of our lifetime.

Lorelai knows how to turn on hot-and-cold running emotions in men. and Luke is her favorite faucet. Luke is well aware of what Lorelai is doing to him. he just wants her to recognize that he's got more than a faucet that he wants her to play with. but he's so consumed with helping the needy that he can't see his own sexual/spiritual needs. he's grumpy and belligerent to others because he can't internalize his feelings to use them to train himself.

Lorelai is in denial of her attraction to Luke's plumbing. and she certainly doesn't see how she's figuratively screwing him over. she may be in her thirties, but she was once's a teenage gurl who got pregnant who's now twice shy. she's not ready to make the leap of faith from girl to woman that honesty requires in marriage.

that's why she and Rory can have such an incredibly good relationship as gurlfriends while the two of them use their boyfriends without looking at them for spiritual edification, not just sexual intercourse.

gurlfriends are what girls aspire to achieve in heaven with one another. they can't yet imagine women in heaven, perhaps with the exception of Mother Mary. but if Christ's mother personifies the Jewish mother who's made it from gurlhood to motherhood by having achieved spiritual adulthood with God, then there's hope for all gurls to grow up to become mature women.

the spiritual encounter between Mary and God is no different from the spiritual encounter I anticipate experiencing when I die. this is what I refer to as sex with The Teacher. it's not a literal encounter. it's a perception of death as a spiritual encounter that's so intimate and intense that I can find no other way to describe it.

I had a dream last night in which I was Rory, and I slapped Lorelai across the face and told her to shut up. fortunately, I can take out my aggressions against my own mother in my dreams now that she's past on. I was able to

shield my mom from my frustration and impatience at her sexual/spiritual ignorance while she was alive.

Eve didn't get to control Adam by offering him her leftovers from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. she may have learned a thing or two before him in having been tempted first. but neither of them was a particularly swift learner when it came to matters of guilt.

they were both lost in denial, albeit a different denial about the outcome of "conversations" with snakes [penises]. Adam protested before God about "that woman He gave him" [thus killing two birds with one stone]. Eve confessed the truth, while blaming that evil "faucet" in the maple tree for spewing forth a sweet, sappy syrup she couldn't resist.

Adam devolved into the next generation of man [Cain] who turned into a murderer when he couldn't get redemption from God using the sacrifice he'd chosen to offer Him.

Eve devolved into the next generation of woman [Abel] who applied the concept of self-sacrifice differently. God chose Abel's sacrifice over Cain's, infuriating Cain, thereby giving Cain the reason he needed to kill his brother. and although Abel's blood cried out from the ground for justice, common sense leads us to conclude that Abel surely may have mixed some yearning for vengeance in with his tears.

Cain didn't want to share his knowledge of self-sacrifice with Abel. and Abel didn't want to share God's grace with Cain. neither of them could ever have been happy with the outcome. such is often the ending to a tale with a moral message if you look at it from all sides without denial.

anal sex comes from Cain. he wanted to screw his brother over.

anal sex came from Abel. Abel wanted his brother to impregnate him with the life-giving semen in him.

but biological brothers aren't spiritual brothers. and sexual encounters between biological brothers don't lead to sexual/spiritual insights.

men have been accusing women of being conspiratorial since the Hebrew testament was first popularized by the Jews thousands of years ago. what men haven't done in large

enough numbers is acknowledge that murderers [men] who accuse conspirators [women] are hardly reliable witnesses, themselves.

the story of Cain and Abel is a parable about the relationships between all men, not necessarily brothers. men admire other men's virtues. but men may also want what other men have in the way of material possessions. if a man doesn't understand this about himself, he'll be in denial about his relationship to his brothers.

when God chose Abel's gift over Cain's, Cain really wanted to kill God, not Abel. Killing Abel was Cain's way of describing to God how Cain really felt about Him.

animosity between brothers, whether biological or spiritual, is always a reflection of their disapproval of God. lessons from our Teacher reveal how we really feel about Him, not just him, her or them. learning to respond, rather than react to our problems, determines what our next lesson from The Teacher will be. this is how we come to see why our problems are so complex.

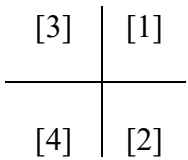
once you can get out of your own way by perceiving your own denial, you can then reinterpret your scripture for the modern age. you can open yourself up to looking more deeply into why this world looks as it does.

a parable is a story about people. a fable is a story about animals. "Gilmore girls" is a modern tale that purports to be a parable, when, in fact, it's also a fable. the characters aren't fully real. they're more like a combination of real *people* [3/5^{ths}] and *animals* [2/5^{ths}]. this only becomes apparent when you see the token Blacks scattered throughout the show [without speaking roles] who remind us of what it means to be allowed into Protestant heaven on Earth when portrayed by straight, Jewish, American and Italian, American writers. it's up to each of the stars in Stars Hollow to overcome the animal aspects of their territorial imperatives by looking more deeply within.

Luke [Adam] and Lorelai [Eve] don't see themselves as in Eden anymore. they've been graduated to heaven. this biblical allegory [fable/parable] is what happens when you

combine the Old Testament with the New to create an American dream we should all be able to subscribe to in some ways, even if we can't see that we're reproducing it in ourselves with our own unique denial of the big picture.

here is my rendition of the big picture, so different from the picture portrayed in "Gilmore girls":



[1] upper right quadrant of the cross:
God's gay and spiritual agenda
[good enough]
[2] lower right quadrant of the cross:
God's literal, religious agenda
[too good]
[3] upper left [wrong] quadrant of the cross:
denial
[not good enough]
[4] lower left [wrong] quadrant of the cross:
hypocrisy
[not good enough]

knowing which quadrant of the cross you're operating from takes a good deal of self-knowledge and awareness because good people are always worried about how to get from quadrant nr. 3 [not good enough] to quadrant nr. 1 [good enough]. those who vacillate between quadrants nr. 4 [hypocrisy] and 2 [traditional religion] break the law in order to force literal interpretations of scripture on others that don't take into consideration God's greater, poetic intentions. once you can see that, He doesn't work in such mysterious ways anymore. your misfortune is with good reason.

unfortunately, the only gay person in the fable/parable of "Gilmore girls" is Michel, a surly Frenchman who can't find anything amusing, entertaining or appealing about

smalltown Connecticut life. he's depicted as the personification of a gay Catholic caught in a straight, Protestant heaven where he feels held against his will. he's portrayed as a round, Black, European peg crammed into a square, White, American hole. and he couldn't feel less gay about the way things have turned out for him.

"Gilmore girls" is an example of why straight people desperately need gay men to help them transform and transcend where they find themselves in the new age we've been born into. going from an *animal* to a *man* to an *angel* disclosed is a spiritual process that we're all undertaking. everything depends on how we treat ourself.

you wouldn't ask a fish [Christian] what water is until you hooked that fish and dragged it out of its natural environment to give it a peek at a whole other world. that said, today's fish know a hell of a lot more about land, sea and sky than the fish in the past once did.

if you find yourself stuck with lousy sex, week after week, month after month, year after year for more than a decade – it's no wonder you vote the way you do. it's no wonder you send your cynicism, scorn and derision to your state capital and Washington in the form of representatives who promise to let America know how upset you are with your sucky, sex life.

if you haven't been getting any good sex for more years than you care to remember – it's no wonder you insist on carrying a big, black gun in public to make up for what your penis is missing in length, girth and strength in bed. it's no wonder you have a fascination with ammunition.

words with "semen" in them, such as appea**semen**t, amu**semen**t, deba**semen**t and advi**semen**t make you squirm. it's no wonder you see conspiracies left, right and center on the political spectrum. it's no wonder you're contemptuous of almost everyone and everything.

when you're horny as hell and you don't know how to satisfy the urges and impulses that are clawing at you on the inside, you're going to look for bullies to solve your problems for you. greedy politicians, Fortune 500 executives and the lawyers that lead us in the direction of hell are the big bullies who know this about bad sex but are tempted by money to take advantage of others. the love of money is the root of all evil when people use sex and power to make money.

Rory is a virgin at the beginning of "Gilmore girls." she and her boyfriend, Dean, only kiss, although their hormones couldn't be raging any less than yours or mine did at their age. at school, they call Rory "Mary" because she's still a virgin. but she's saving herself for the right guy. she doesn't want to make the same mistake Lorelei made at her age. Rory has a plan to go to Harvard. and although Dean has a smile that promises to light up the night because he's as good as Rory on the inside, Jess offers a musky smell that moves her in a whole other place in inner space.

Jess stinks morally because he doesn't figuratively clean under his foreskin or wipe his ass. he's morally dirty. but Rory's nose smells something enticing wafting out of Jess that Dean, who's cleaner, can't match. later, Logan comes on the scene. his butt is as dirty as Jess's. only Logan has the good sense to sniff around inside himself and decides to bathe. this is how you get out of self-denial.

Rory uses her teenage years to learn about the figurative smell of boys below the waist. but America isn't yet ready to produce entertainment that can speak any more candidly about growing up, musky smells and all. we have to reinterpret the storyline tastefully to bring it up to a higher level of awareness while maintaining the decorum of the American culture that insists that chic flics never look at love too closely.

gurls and young, gay bottoms are attracted to guys with smelly dicks and dirty butts. but that's not the moral of the "Gilmore girls." that's just the circumstance that creates the story. the moral of this story is that it doesn't matter whether you're rich or poor; you've got to learn to clean below your waist. wishing to wipe another person's butt for them, lick it or brown nose those who have something you want is just a futile projection of self-love gone astray.

criminals and disreputable men who cheat on their taxes and/or on their wives – have stinky dicks and dirty butts. they show it by breaking the Ten Commandments. literally speaking, everything below their waist is figuratively off limits to them.

physically, sexually and especially spiritually, some people have been trained to like themself the way they are: a bust that only has a head, heart and soul. they aren't interested in going south before they're over the hill [and too old to care anymore]. they don't want to know about the rest of the body God gave them.

hypocrites! that's what it means to have a stinky dick and dirty butt. a lot of gurls and gay boys dream about transforming a guy like that. [3]

comparing Logan's butt to Jess's butt to Dean's butt isn't fair. but I'll let you discover why for yourself if you haven't watched "Gilmore girls." spoiler alert: turns out all butts are dirty! who knew?

you can tell each Congressional district by the smell of the butts of the representatives they send to Washington. you can smell it by the local leaders they put in office, too. some voters are so manipulated by religious renditions of sodomy that they'll give their power to any asshole who comes along to hoodwink them with promises that are morally repugnant.

there are, however, some politicians who are exceptions to this rule. they don't have dirty butts. but that's because they like to be rimmed. they found a way to get others to wash their butt with their tongues.

if you'd like to make sure that your butt is morally clean by learning to wipe it yourself, you're going to have to remove the wool over your eyes. [Genesis 27] you're going to have to move through self-denial. may I suggest you reconsider your views on sodomy. penetrating the anus sexually is a far cry from screwing people over or using your power to get people to rim you to keep you looking and smelling morally clean and fresh in public.

don't be distracted by what comes out of the mouth of those who claim to be morally "pure." use your nose to sniff around at the other end of everyone. you have no idea how sick it'll make you to use your nose or tongue the way some people want you to. face your own bad behavior. you'll

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[3] moral stench is the real reason why sodomy is such an important topic in the Hebrew testament**.** God had to broach the topic of how He made man in His image to smell morally clean. just avoiding anal intercourse does nothing to improve you or increase your awareness of the amazing, spiritual, operating system you were given.

regret what you've done for some others once you're no longer in denial of how badly you smell inside. take my advice and just kiss most people's cheeks. avoid two of their lips completely.

“hard-headed woman”

by
Claude Demetrius
[sung by Elvis Presley]

well, a hard-headed woman, a soft-hearted man,
been the cause of trouble
ever since the world began.
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.
now Adam told to Eve,
“listen here to me, don’t you let me catch you
messin’ round that apple tree.”
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard-headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.
now Samson told Delilah loud and clear,
“keep your cotton-pickin’ fingers out my curly hair.”
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

I heard about a king who was doin’ swell
till he started playing
with that evil Jezebel.
oh yeah, ever since the world began, a hard-headed woman
been a thorn in the side of man.

I got a woman, a head like a rock.
if she ever went away
I’d cry around the clock.
oh yeah, ever since the world began,
a hard-headed woman been
a thorn in the side of man.

the relationships between straight men and straight women is hard for them to see because most of them have concluded that they've got to decide whether they're one or the other. obviously, we're all the product of a father and mother. we're all half male and half female.

the only way to get a look at straight relationships with greater insight is by looking at same-sex relationships to magnify the virtues and vices of men who relate better to men and the virtues and vices of women who relate better to women. in this way, you'll not only discover more about the dynamics behind your parents' relationship with one another. you'll discover the dynamics behind the male and female sides of yourself.

the curiosity needed to know more about yourself will eventually lead you to ask yourself why a hard-headed woman would be a thorn in the side of a man, as purported in the lyrics of this song. what is it about women with strong, intellectual opinions that gives straight men the feeling of being pierced, prodded and penetrated in a place where they already feel wounded?

if you recall, God put Adam to sleep to remove a rib. out of that rib He fashioned Eve. so, "a thorn in the side of man" is a painful reminder of a loss he's already suffered at God's Hands, according to the creation story. when a woman recreates that feeling in a man by thinking and acting for herself, she reopens an old wound. what was at first a choice God made for man; women today now make for him.

the unevolved man feels used by women. he feels abused by them. he feels that his life is out of his control and women are the cause of it. but he dares not blame God for that. so, he blames women in politics like Kamala Harris [Vice-President], Hillary Clinton [Senator], Elizabeth Warren [Senator], Nancy Pelosi [Congress member and first Speaker of the House], Shirley Chisholm [first Black Congress member] and Patsy Mink [first Asian Congress member], instead.

the underlying issue boils down to anal over vaginal sex. if straight men and women look at their virtues as emanating

out of vaginal sex that discharges life, then they ought to look at pride in overcoming their vices as emanating out of the anus that expels death. infusing semen into the anus becomes a poetic way of defeating death. this is what Jesus figuratively did by bringing Lazarus back from the dead.

straight men and women deny the tension between one hole and the other unless they explore *life* [penis/vagina] and *death* [anus] more thoroughly from a sexual/spiritual perspective.

the Hebrew testament challenges us to use our head in conjunction with our heart to determine what we want to believe about life. that determines how we'd act if not for the forces below our belt that urge us to go other ways.

infusing the life-giving semen into a vagina is a recreation of the virtues God instills in each one of us. infusing the life-giving semen into the anus is a recreation of the power to overcome the vices God instilled in us.

I'm not advocating that you explore anal sex. I'm advocating that you explore the Hebrew testament with a more open mind. the Hebrew testament is the foundation of the Abrahamic edifice. you'll be able to better understand the second and third stories [the Gospels and Quran] of that edifice if you enter through the ground floor with an understanding of how God made everyone in His image.

then you'll see the Abrahamic edifice through the generosity of God's spirit as "mi casa es su casa." you'll see the futility in fighting over belief systems, which is how many straight Jews, Christians and Muslims are still behaving today.

the hard-headed woman of the 21st Century is the lesbian who guides straight women away from mindless attraction to straight men who use every trick in the book to get their disreputable and immoral urges satisfied. if more lesbians and gay men studied scripture for personal insight, religious lunatics wouldn't be able to run the world into the ground, as they now do.

either God created man or man created god. indigenists had gods that came out of their observations about the mysteries they saw in nature. then [3,800 years ago], the Hindus collected, categorized and constructed a mountain of gods with Brahma at the summit. but he could only be reached through reincarnation.

soon after [3,400 years ago], along came the Jews. they believed that there's only One God, and that He created man in His image. they believed that this world is like a school. we're enrolled at birth and graduate upon death. God is like a teacher. but what comes after we leave here, Jews don't speculate about. we hold no dogma about an afterlife.

two other departments in the school of life were later added, Christianity and Islam. both have dogmas about what does come after life. if you do as they tell you, they say God will give you Eternal life. if you don't, they say that God will punish you forever.

both believe in The Same God as the Jews, but they describe Him using other names. they both insist that they have the only true answer to the meaning of life, yet neither has been able to conquer the world, although they both believe that everyone in this world must conform to their beliefs to be "saved."

if you think of this world as like a highway, then there are only two directions you can go in. one direction is toward God, and the other direction is toward no gods. there are no off ramps that will take you in any other direction. agnostics are simply confused human beings who cross over the highway of life to go in the opposite direction again and again, getting nowhere.

Hinduism believes in thousands of gods. Buddhism doesn't believe in any gods. Buddhism also began in India, but 2,500 years ago. it believes in a destination after life. they call their destination "nirvana." whether you're Hindu or Buddhist, you'd have to be reincarnated to achieve life everlasting with or without a god.

Taoism began 2,200 years ago in China. it believes in a highway during life. they call their highway the Tao. Taoism sees death as a change rather than an end. in that sense, the highway continues after life, although, like Judaism, it has no destination.

the annoying evidence for One God who created all seven of the paths to Him is that it conforms much more to the Jewish concept of Him than any other, even though the Jews don't believe in a destination after life.

If there is a God but there isn't a destination, then everything good you do in life will increase your reputation in God's Eyes without doing so with an ulterior motive. this allows for movement along the highway of life in any direction that leads to good outcomes.

Jews don't have a history of stealing land out from under anyone. the only land we've defended is the land God gave us. but that strip of land is so small in comparison to the size of the Earth that our homeland shouldn't be an issue.

having to defend ourselves and our homeland shouldn't be an issue either. we are, after all, two-tenths of one percent [0.2] of the world's population. yet today, ironically, we have to defend ourselves against those who claim to believe in the same God we believe in. they even refer to *our* scripture in *their* scripture.

so, whether God created man or man created god is a good question. clearly, the only people who are living like God created everyone are those who do good.

I wonder why so many people believe that a world without Israel would be a much better place. I wonder why they believe that that would end wars between Christians and Muslims in the Middle East.

I even wonder whether people would stop killing one another if there were no more Jews to kill. would everybody simple agree that God created man, or would those who believe in God continue to fight those who don't believe in Him to promote their faith.

personally, I believe the problem lies with man, not God. the annoying problem caused by the Jews, specifically, lies in setting a better example than others.

the problem I see with Israel is that the Jews there haven't yet decided to defy God by enacting marriage equality. in my opinion, this is the greatest existential problem for aam Israel [the Jewish soul that struggles with God]. Torah, the word of God, tells us that men who have anal intercourse must be killed [Leviticus 20]. this would mean that straight Jews are obliged to kill gay Jews because God said so.

yet, straight Jews have always refused to do so. to my knowledge only one Jewish girl died over this issue. she was killed by an orthodox Jewish man at a Pride parade in Jerusalem in 2015, the year when the United States enacted marriage equality. so, even when it comes to obeying the letter of the law as given by God, Jews refuse to kill one another over what it says in our scripture.

if there is a God, then surely the Jews are modeling how to believe in Him better than most others. that must be embarrassing for those who claim to believe in God as well as those who don't.

the parent/child bond

the bond between parents and their children harkens back to the bond between one's inner parent with one's inner child. if you can't use yourself as a model of how to move from infancy to childhood to adolescence to adulthood, you don't know what you're doing, and Dr. Spock isn't going to be of much help to you in making your way through life with a wife and kids.

so, let's start with the primary goal of parenting: [1] keep your sons from killing themselves, and [2] keep your daughters from getting pregnant. this is all it takes to consider yourself a leading expert on child rearing once your kids are grown and are on their own.

if, however, you wish to acknowledge the sexual/spiritual importance of parenting, the matter becomes a little more complicated. in order to become an inner parent, you've got to conceive an inner child, which means that you've got to know yourself in the Biblical sense of the word. you've got to not only have had sex with yourself. you have to have conceived an inner child with yourself psychologically: i.e., you've had to mature. hence, you've had to have figuratively impregnated yourself with an awareness of a you in you that wasn't there before.

now, before you run around like a chic [gurl] without a head [hysterically] wondering how this is done, keep in mind that it's perfectly normal to discover that there's a you in you that wasn't there before. it happens naturally as the result of evolving.

in spiritual terminology, what you've discovered is that your body and you aren't one and the same. your body is your body, and you are the person inside that body. you might even conclude that you're a spirit [you] in a vehicle [you] on a journey.

so, when God told Moses that He created man in His image, what He was really saying, in effect, is that He creates every chick in a shell, but the chick was going to have to break out of that shell – or it will die without having

witnessed the real miracle of life: knowledge of God's ongoing contributions to everybody's life.

if you're observant, you can see that there are a lot of chicks still in their shells. they're unborn in the spiritual sense. they can't differentiate between their body [it] and their sense of self [I]. they think it's all one and the same. those chicks who've figuratively broken out of their shell have a sense of the disconnect between their body and themself. they realize that they didn't get to choose their shell [body, family and outer circumstances]. it was all given to them.

the "me" inside "it" when we evolve into an adult is an aspect of reality that we get to decide for ourself. how we break out of mere existence into a sense of coming alive is up to us individually. so, an inner parent who's conceived an inner child is *like* a chick that's been hatched from an egg.

it's only a little like being "reborn" in the Christian sense of the word. it's more like recognizing that your relationship to God is separate from your relationship to yourself. He and you aren't necessarily One. you're not a god. and He isn't going to damn you to hell for being a chick that chooses not to come out of your shell if you don't want to. fear of coming out of our shell is universal. coming out of the closet sexually is just the gay way of doing so. [4]

using people, abusing people, denigrating them and setting up systems that keep them oppressed is a bad use of your time. it's an immoral way to stay in your shell where you feel safe.

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[4] the word "aron" in Hebrew means "closet." that was the word for the "ark" Noah built; the "basket" Moses went down the Nile in; and the "Ark of the Covenant" the Israelites carried The Ten Commandments from God in. coming out of the closet sexually is a level of spiritual awakening that straight people haven't yet explored because they haven't been taught how to take more of the words of God in Torah figuratively.

but if you decide that your relationship with yourself is so important to you that you want to know your body like a vehicle, with life as your highway; if you decided that your relationship to yourself is so important that you want to look at life as a journey – and your destination as an amazing achievement that you want to be proud of by the time you reach the end – then you've not only impregnated yourself with that revelation. you've already conceived your inner child.

"how easy was that?" now it's up to you to raise your inner child to adulthood to the best of your ability. another way of saying this is that you ought to become more curious about who you are and who you're going to be. this means that when you rethink the meaning of parenting from a spiritual perspective, you've figuratively already gotten pregnant all by yourself, even if you're a man. you've already impregnated you with a sense of yourself. and you've decided to keep the kid [inner child].

spiritually speaking, many hyper-religious fools abort every inner child they conceive. they're afraid to come out any further from their shell. they're afraid to evolve. and yet, they get deeply incensed at women who literally abort an unwanted fetus.

I can understand that life is precious and you don't want to create a life that you don't want. but why would you oppose birth control if you thought life is that precious? at least given women a way to avoid creating an unwanted pregnancy. in fact, promote science finding a way to avoid pregnancy by killing sperm in the prostate gland for short periods of time.

if you conclude that you've been a "bad" parent to your inner child, you've probably been killing yourself with junk food, alcohol, drugs, late nights out that have deprived you of much needed sleep, and probably an assortment of other bad habits that have taken a toll on your body and ruined the moral health of your inner child, to say nothing of the pain in the ass you've been to others.

rimming politicians to get them to give you what you want is just one of many dirty, little habits people perform who don't want to come out of their shell or who want to entice others to come further out of theirs.

that doesn't work! but the Republicans, the Mafia, the Nazis, the Muslim fanatics, the Russian oligarchs and the Chinese communists bend over further and further for one another, like foul daisy chains, to brown nose one another in their nefarious attempts to take over the world.

that said, the Democrats, especially the LGBTQIA+ community, have gone out of their way to oppose the existence of Israel. they seem to think that the Jews are setting a bad example, even though the Nazis didn't seem to care for the gays any more than they did the Jews. the Palestinians have infiltrated the Democratic party, but they refuse to admit how deeply they're disgusted by gays, not just Jews. their Muslim sexual/spiritual upbringing is even more backward than that of Jews and Christians.

if you wish to continue forward repentantly through life, you're going to have to cherish your inner parent/inner child relationship for the rest of your life. and you're going to have to awaken to how the two of you treat the body God gave you, as well as the body politic.

you're expected to return your body, like a rental car, at the end of your journey. and it's expected to be in good condition when you drive it back to the agency it came from [heaven, paradise, nirvana] where you first got into whatever it was that you were given – regardless of the number of miles you've put on it. so, plan now to leave your vehicle [die] proud [morally clean] in how you cared for it.

Lorelai and my mother

Lorelai got knocked up when she was 16. that was her way of proving to her parents that she could make a life for herself without their approval. that was her way of pecking at her shell from the inside to see if she could get out of the shell God had given her that was a completely different shell from what she would have chosen for herself in terms of family and childhood circumstances.

I did something similar by choosing to become a ballet dancer as a teenager, even though my mother desperately wanted me to become a professor and my father wanted me to go into business. my parents got their wishes fulfilled many years later after my dance career was behind me. but I still don't care much for making money, and I'm not interested in promoting a formal education without an emphasis on life experience. a book is a recreation of reality. a book is no substitute for living life. teaching people how to live life from books isn't something I wanted to do for a living. only now am I interested in doing so. but now experience is behind me. I'm old and wise.

what I know I learned from the school of hard knocks. I married myself at the Wailing Wall in late middle age. I ordained myself a rabbi before God at about the same time. I bestowed a Ph.D. upon myself, as well. the 25 books I've written have been my doctorate dissertation in the school of life.

my mother should have completed her high school education and my father should have learned how to go into business for himself. both of them thrust their goals in life onto me. but I was an artist at heart.

Emily wanted Lorelai to become a member of the D.A.R. in other words, Emily wanted her daughter to achieve even greater, outer status than she'd attained in White society. Emily wanted more money, more power and more prestige, but she projected those urges onto Lorelai, instead. the thought of helping her daughter evolve beyond Emily's narrow understanding of life never occurred to Emily.

Emily's urge isn't any different than what my maternal grandmother wanted for my mother. my grandmother [an Austrian Jew] wanted my mother [a German Jew] to become a concert violinist and join the ranks of the musical elite in Germany.

the tension between Emily and Lorelai and the tension between my mother and me was no different except for the fact that I honored my mother with greater conscious understanding of what was motivating me. Lorelai took the concept of conceiving an inner child literally by becoming pregnant, much to the chagrin of her parents. and my mother took the concept of conceiving an inner child by projecting her inner daughter onto me and raising me to be her gurlfriend, even though my mother made sure that no one [not even me] knew her little secret. this was achieved through the psychological trick I call, "deny and project."

so, the Gilmore gurls and the Zeve gurls drove parallel paths down the road of life. Rory wasn't supposed to exist at all. she was supposed to be Lorelai's inner child. and Barry wasn't supposed to be male. and yet, Rory and I do "exist" just as we are. so, the question is whether we're going to grow up to be happy. in Rory's case, I don't want to give away the ending. in my case, the jury has pronounced their verdict. I'm guilty, but happier than I've ever been before in my life and free in a way that most people will never know.

both Rory and I have a very sensitive nose. Rory was attracted to dirty butts right from the start. I started out with cigarette butts I pick up on the street to smoke on my way home from high school. but I soon graduated to buying cigarettes from vending machines. from there it was a hop, step and a jump to using my nose to find dirty butts in the sexual sense. later, I was no stranger to sex clinics where I required a wide array of medications for my bad habits. neither Rory nor I grew up with a father in our life. that means that we both felt we had to please men in an effort to get them to please us.

neither my mother nor Lorelai felt that pleasing men was all that important. in fact, the men in both their lives had to

go out of their way to please Lorelai and my mother. and that's something that Rory and I find difficult to imagine, let alone do. we're more interested in pleasing than being pleased.

Rory's father [Christopher] finally grows up, settles down with another woman and gets a secure job working for "the man." but as soon as he discovers he has the power to overcome the talking serpent in his tree, his wife hears the talking worm in her apple, and leave him to find herself.

Christopher, like my dad, blew it the first two times around. my father's wealthy family supported his first wife and children while he went off to America to learn English and play around. after Hitler killed his family, leaving him a concentration camp survivor without teeth, he couldn't keep jobs working for other people. he couldn't support his second wife [my mother] and five children [two from his previous marriage, two from my mother and a niece who was orphaned by the War]. he was broken, and he had no idea how to fix himself from the inside out.

my orphaned cousin left our home when she was 18. my half-brother ran away to join the army. [I'm not even sure if he finished high school.] and my half-sister hooked the first guy she met and made their 1950's dreams come true with four kids, six grandkids and a life of desperation and depression without God in suburban America, a million miles from her roots in Kaunas, Lithuania.

my younger sister did the same as our older sister, albeit without a father in the house. she got married after high school to a nice, Jewish lawyer and had two kids. but my sister and her husband [Mark] divorced after 27 years together because he embezzled money out of their house to fund his failing online business. once divorced, she told me, "after the kids moved out of the house and the dog died, I looked across the table at Mark and asked him, 'who the hell are you?" would that she'd asked *herself* that question before she stole the inheritance from our mother and Lou, our mother's second husband.

like all men, our father wanted to look like a martyr in God's Eyes. I didn't bother to go through all the hard work of working hard to become a martyr like my old man. I cut the corner. I tried kill myself three times to become a martyr unto me.

unlike Rory, who's a near-perfect, young lady in relationship to her family and friends, I was quite a mess. I came with a lot of baggage – a full set of luggage, a steamer trunk and carry-on bag. Rory just came with a backpack full of books to explore the theory of life from as safe a distance as she could.

my mom and Lou were drawn together by the philosophy of "you and me against the world." that's a great glue to hold two people together until one of them dies. but what happens then to the survivor?

my mother was half Jewish on her mother's side. Lou was half Jewish on his father's side. they were mirror images of one another religiously. but they never fought over religious matters. they were their own unique version of the Judeo, Christian world of the 20th Century melded into two people who loved each other deeply.

they always sat on the same side of the table so they could hold hands. as Alzheimer's took Lou further from my mother, I think deep down inside she resolved that dementia was the only poetic outcome that could express her idea of devotion to her prince charming. and so, from a poetic perspective, she unconsciously decided to slowly lose her mind, too.

the unstated goal of my mother's life was loyalty to her children. when she was five years old, her seven-year-old brother fell off a balcony and died. her parents turned gray in days. and during that grieving period, my mother felt neglected. she lashed out at them by saying that she was glad her brother was dead so she could finally play with his toys. that verbal beating of her parents haunted her all her life.

what my mother wanted most out of life was peace in her family. but because of the mother/daughter relationship between the two of us that excluded my sister, there was

always tension between my sister and her, and my sister and me. when my sister stole the inheritance out from the four children of our mother and Lou, our mother did her utmost to maintain a position of neutrality. I think that was the most important spiritual challenge of her life.

Lou's daughter was a thief who ran up her credit cards and then moved abroad without paying the charges. his son couldn't keep money in his pocket. it always slipped through his fingers. and I didn't need the money. so, the spiritual challenge for me was in letting go of the theft and letting God deal with it. what will happen to all my siblings is none of my concern. I'm sure God knows what He's doing.

“she was too good to me”

by
Chet Baker

she was too good to me.
how can I get along now.
so close she stood to me.
everything seems so wrong now.
she would have brought me the Son, making me smile.
that was her fun.

when I was mean to her,
she never said go away now.
I was a king to her.
who’s gonna make me gay now?
it's only natural I’m so blue.
she was too good to be true.

I don’t miss my mother. but I am sentimental about the space she left in my heart. there’s a space there now that she’d taken up before. and so, I honor that place in inner space in whimsical ways only God can recognize as I remind Him of my feelings for her. I call that kind of sentimentality: reciting kaddish [the Jewish prayer for the dead].

Jesus didn’t fill that hole in me through the Christian grandfather on my mother’s side. questions about the nature of God did.

I hated my mother because she ruined me. I loved my mother because she created, formed, framed, preserved, protected and raised me. and God, in His infinite wisdom, has guided me in honoring her by applying that knowledge to loving myself.

now that I’ve *honored* my father and mother, I can see how much more sensible that is than *loving* them. I love myself. I like my boyfriend. and I honored my parents.

do you[1] any way you[2] wish.

“look on the sunny side”

by
Malvina Reynolds

look on the sunny side.
sugar’s goin’ up.
sugar, it will poison you.
don’t put it in your cup.
lay off the soda pop.
don’t drink those colas.
they’ll eat away your molars,
and the googlies and the twinkies
will put you on the blinkies.
pass them by,
also the pie.
look on the sunny side,
the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side.

look on the sunny side.
gas is out of sight.
gasoline, it fouls the air
and dims the heavenly light.
the blossoms get the blight.
you’ll do much better hiking it, streaking it or biking it.
if an auto is required
on the job where you’ve been hired, stay at home.
tell ‘em you’re tired.

look on the sunny side, the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side.

look on the sunny side.
your old man left you flat.
your old man was a nuisance. he criticized your cat.
he wore your favorite hat.
when you felt like you were dyin’,
he'd split and leave you cryin’.

when you did not need him there,
he'd be crawlin' in your hair.
pass him by,
also the pie.

"look on the sunny, honey, funny, bunny side of life" because life may be logical, but it can also be totally irrational. look on the sunny side of life even at Easter time when the Son has set and darkness has crawled over the land like little, black, cat paws.

"look on the honey side of life" when rabbits lay chocolate eggs and death is defeated with hope in a Jewish rabbi who made His way out of His head and into His heart to reveal a whole other side of life that no one had ever set eyes on before.

look at this funny [queer] side of life because even in inner darkness there's a rainbow in the heart of good Christians who've discovered that God is madly in love with everybody. He may not *like* everyone. but He *loves* every body He made. these crazy Christians love One Jew more than all the rest of us. they love Him because He came out to them with an honesty, sincerity and authenticity that no other Jew has since been able to match.

they think God blessed this Jew above all the others. but God blesses all the Jews for having helped create and support the message this One. God's agenda today is gay, as in lighthearted.

look on the sunny [loving] side of life because "your old man left you flat. he was a nuisance who criticized your cat. when you felt like you were dyin', he'd split and leave you cryin'. when you did not need him there, he'd be crawlin' in your hair."

I say take the dare. you two were quite a pair.

memory serves

"if memory serves" is a very useful expression. but your memory only serves you if you use your memory to serve yourself. a lot of people would rather forget than remember. this leaves them in a world of denial, which, when compounded daily over a lifetime poetically, may be a contributing cause of dementia.

hypocrites know they're doing something wrong. those in denial don't. when deniers wake up to the truth, they overcome their bad habits. when hypocrites are caught, they simply deny their guilt.

don't be a hypocrite. but if you're in denial, don't think you're going to get away with what you're doing, either. the Confederacy claimed to be led by "good" Christians who were taking the Hebrew testament literally. but where did that get them? where are their leaders taking them today? and what do some think Jesus thinks of their actions in defying science to prove their loyalty to Torah by telling lies? Sorcerer's apprentices, all of them!

my father was a prisoner in Dachau Concentration Camp. my mother met him two months after the War ended. because my father already spoke English fluently, having come to America on an extended vacation to learn the language, he was hired as a translator for the U.S. military. so, doors opened for him in Germany that Germans hated him for, and Jews envied him for waltzing into. women flocked to hang on his arm and eat at his table.

later, he got "mixed up" with bad company and started a trucking business to bring food into the German cities from the countryside to feed the starving masses. alas, he did so by using American, military vehicles. he was tried, convicted and sent to jail in Germany for the crime.

my mother must have known what he was up to. and even if she didn't, she remained loyal to him once the Americans had him behind bars. my mother had a *conspiratorial* mind that matched well with his *criminal* mind.

a lot of my disreputable thinking was the result of parents who weren't fully honest, sincere and authentic with themselves, let alone with me. if I wanted to become the kind of person I'd respect and admire, I had to unlearn a lot of the training I'd had in childhood that shaped me into the person I was.

I never thought of myself as a conspiratorial type or someone with a criminal mind. but when my sisters conspired and stole my inheritance out from under me, I realized that these characteristics run in our family.

I'm proud to say that I'm the victim of this family conspiracy and theft, not the cause of it. this experience taught me the importance of honesty. I'd never do to others what my siblings did to me.

I was instrumental in every member of my extended family receiving over $100,000 each in the sale of land our grandmother bought in Palestine in the early 20th Century. I worked with our broker in Israel over the course of ten years to procure our rights from the Israeli government. so, not only did I not steal from my siblings. I enriched them, after which they stabbed me in the back.

you can't trust your own thinking if you've engaged your thoughts in stealing from others. without making amends, you'll forever be a stranger unto yourself.

my attraction to evil

I always thought that men who were a little wild and dangerous were attractive. I was always tempted to do things that were on the line between right and wrong, just so I could look over onto the evil side of life from a good vantage point without having to slog through immorality personally.

my mother taught me to love what she loved. and for me that amounted to slightly wild and dangerous escapades. I paid a dear price for following her dutifully with a history of sexual exploits that left me bitter, contemptuous, cynical and lonely. I just didn't realize at the time that all those men were so similar to my father. I had no idea I was so attracted to his faults. I had no idea my mother had been, either.

I don't suffer from vagina vanity. I don't want my mother's vagina. I was born by caesarian. I didn't come out of her vagina. and I don't want to go into it., not literally or figuratively.

I suffer from penis and semen envy. I suffer from anus anomalies. I'm spiritually retentive and expulsive in my own unique ways.

anal anomalies aren't immoral, but penis envy is. penis envy is the desire for a different delivery device than the one you were given. when you come to the conclusion that your penis isn't long enough, wide enough or hard enough, you suffer confusion in comparing yourself to your father.

you should see the serpent in your tree as brilliant. what it wants should be a sign of your genius. what it looks like is what makes you a unicorn; one of a kind.

your penis is beautiful. and the fact that it can try to stand up for itself because it wants to stand on its own is a sign of what you[1] can do for the rest of you[2]. if you don't feel that way about it, there's a conspiracy that's unfolded in you. if you've acted on delivering evil unto others instead of goodness, you've got a criminal mind. honesty isn't just the best policy. honesty is the only policy if you want to trust yourself.

trust is the most valuable virtue there is. if you can trust yourself, you're a king in this world. if you can't fully trust yourself, you're no better off than a one-eyed man in a blind man's world. one whole side of your life will be in the dark. and your stiff neck will see to it that you don't turn your head to look around.

semen envy is the desire for a different mix of good and evil than what you were given. when you conclude that your semen isn't good enough, you suffer a semen setback. the only way to produce more goodness in your scrotum and less evil, is to create an active filter in your mind that screens your thoughts thoroughly at all times.

my worst thinking involves retaliation against people I imagine wanting to hurt me. I justify my revenge in that they started it. I don't have many people who've literally hurt me, stolen from me or damaged my reputation. but I've struggled with a conspiratorial mind that imagines scenarios in which I'm compromised by disreputable people, and how I imagine getting back at them.

I've had to stop myself from these daydreams. I've had to filter these thoughts and then admonish myself for thinking them. who else is going to do it? it's an inside job. this is a mandatory assignment from The Teacher if I want to improve my grades and hope to learn more about the wonderful ways He made me in His imagination to concretize His intentions.

penis envy would have led me to the conclusion that I need to buy a big, black gun to protect me from those with a bigger gun than mine. semen envy would have led me to treasure my bullets and dream of infusing them into the flesh of others to get revenge for what I wasn't able to get out of life.

men turn into murderers if they can't admire the penis and semen they've got. they become vindictive and hateful. they become anti-Authoritarian. they want to get back at God for what He gave others that they think is theirs. if they're still immature schoolboys, they make their classmates and teachers their scapegoats. if they're adults, they use arms

[weapons] to box with gays, Jews, Blacks, Latinx, Asians, Muslims and/or women rather than box with God. if all else fails, they blame those from the opposite political party for what they're missing between their own legs.

Republicans aren't the only people who want a big gun in their hand just to enjoy the feeling of pulling the trigger. a lot of Democrats figuratively want that feeling, too. plenty of people who claim to love The Lord, hold a secret conspiracy against Him. many religious leaders are actually hateful and vindictive just because they don't like what they see when they look below their navel.

we have to protect America from those who want what we have and will do anything to get what we've got. the Russians have grabbed us by the neck and are strangling us with our own hate speech. the Chinese are stealing our military and industrial secrets to recreate our American dream in China, while polluting the planet even more than we do. and the Iranians and their accomplices want to kill all the gays and Jews on the planet. they erroneously think God gave Israel to them, not us.

while we're fighting off penis problems and semen setbacks, hyper-religious Americans are consumed with fear of sodomy. they refuse to consider the deeper, moral issues that face us. the poetic outcome of denial of penis and semen envy is that we're getting screwed over by enemies at home. and they're doing so through our back door.

penis problems and semen setbacks lead to anal anomalies. nobody is fighting over the size and shape of their anus. nobody is worried about whose anus smells worse. and yet, everyone is trying to cover their ass. what guilt has God given us there?

if man was made in God's image, then we really need to sit down like adults to talk about how our spiritual operating system mirrors the human body we were given by God. getting out of our head, through our stiff neck and into our heart isn't that hard to do. swallowing new ideas and stomaching them, rather than regurgitating them up onto others, is natural if we've got the guts to look at ourself spiritually.

contemplating our navel is even easy if we first draw the conclusion that every boy and girl was born of woman. God gave each of us a navel to remind us of the scar on every baby's belly. from there, it's a hop, step and a jump to our genitals and anus. they, too, were made in God's image. don't conveniently leave out any part of yourself in considering how God made you. you'll be sorry if you do.

the literary conclusion that God breathed life into Adam using His Mouth is a nice story for the kids, but no adult in his or her right mind believes that life can be created with a kiss. even mouth-to-mouth resuscitation isn't the way to bring new life into the world. so, why would Moses have suggested that God kissed Adam alive when we all know that kisses lead to sex.

your penis is going to get aroused if you start kissing another person. it's going to finish the work your lips started. so, it isn't going to be your lips that breathe life into this world. it's going to be the semen that's emitted by your penis that creates new life.

I told you earlier that God loves sex. it's people who hate it. and some people especially hate anal sex. they've been brainwashed to think that God hates it, too.

In the Christian testament, it says that the love of money is the root of all evil. Christians have historically condemned and humiliated Jews for loving money. I think vaginal sex symbolizes the love in creating life. and I think anal sex symbolizes the love in making money.

I love money. I also love anal sex. when I penetrate my partner and infuse the wealth from inside me in him, I'm making an investment in our relationship. I'm filling him with the best in me. I'm hoping that he'll cherish what I've given him like seeds I've planted that we hope will grow into a bond between us that will enrich us both.

what comes out of his anus has nothing to do with what I infused into it. money is a necessity of life. invest yourself on your job regardless of what comes out of it. put the same faith in work that you put into sex. if not, both your work life and sex life will suffer for it.

my semen in like my money. my boyfriend's anus is like my bank. I deposit my "money" in him and I watch it figuratively grow. we've been in business with each other for over ten years, and I can't tell you how much interest in our investment we've achieved. we both feel richer than ever before.

I love making money with my honey. I love my semen and the delivery device I use to deposit the best in me in him. I think the Christian testament is all wrong about the love of money. I think people who think like that may end up with colon cancer. if the root of cancer invades their body, their negativity produces the seeds of sickness. my positivity produces the seeds of love and joy.

Jesus obviously had a gift from God that no man had ever been blessed with before. His ability to bring the ancient Jews out of their head into their heart exemplified pure, spiritual genius. it demonstrated urges [+] and impulses [+] that figuratively emanated out of His penis that had never been expressed by men before. and from that, it's easy to conclude that there was a very special goodness [+] without evil [-] in Him. His semen was pure; His gift, divine. this is how you get from a divine urge to a sacred heart. this is how you go from a sacred heart to a wise soul.

what is God's Semen in human terms? and why do some men pretend to be as powerful as God by pretending that their semen has the power to bring life and death into this world? some men have very unrealistic views of how good

and evil [the juice of their own fruits] make them. they think they're morally superior to the rest of us.

just look at totalitarians [billionaires] around the world if you aren't up on history. they even think their urine is as powerful as semen! look how Alexander Lukashenko pissed all over his countrymen in Belarus to show them how powerful he was. Putin now bares his chest to keep the Russians attracted to his grip on their country.

forcing people to get a vaccine to protect the lives of everybody isn't the same as creating secret police and military to knock off your enemies at home and abroad. but for some strange reason some people still can't tell the difference between needles that heal and bullets that kill.

contempt for science emerges out of contempt for modernity. some people hate God because He forced them to be born in the new age. if they could have lived in the past, they could have hated with greater impunity.

if we admit that God must have created humanity using His Penis and Vagina if He created us in His image, then that takes a lot of pressure off trying to forget that our father did the same with our mother to create us. that's just how people are literal and spiritually made.

get over it. if you claim to be an adult, act like one. use your mind to help you grow up. that will help you enormously when it comes to appreciating the love in your heart and the devotion to God in your soul.

what does it mean to be the product of a sexual union between God and Himself that produced the likes of me and you? how can God have a Penis and Vagina and still claim that He made us in His image? in that question lies the ultimate gay [lighthearted] relationship. gay men mirror God's spiritual actions within Himself with other men. when we don't use vengeance in the bedroom, we're free to enjoy the bounty of His gifts to us in every room in our house.

vengeance is sweet. but vengeance is an artificial sweetener. many men are thinking about vengeance when they penetrate their partner, whether from the front or the back. this isn't the same as making love. this is making hate.

your penis has the ability to penetrate another person with the intention of making love or hate. choose which it is you wish to recreate. if you're bent on infusing your hatred into your partner, it makes no difference what hole you deposit your bomb into. it will damage you and the other person.

justice becomes sweeter over time. vengeance is always bitter. God created two holes below our waist to discover the difference between justice and vengeance. it doesn't matter which hole you use. what matters is what [+/-] you intend to infuse into that hole.

God seeks only justice [+]. God has no evil [-] intentions or inclinations. God has no left testicle [-] from man's perspective. God has no navel [0]. but God definitely does have a Penis [+], Vagina [+] and Anus [+].

the fruits of good [+] and evil [-] are choices man has to make to discover the truth about God's image [+]. what emanates out of your penis during orgasm is determined by what you're thinking at the time. you're producing a combination of good and evil thoughts during sex. and those thoughts have nothing to do with the gender of your partner. they have to do with the conspiracy theories you've created in your mind.

if you don't believe that God created man in His image [+] because He's beyond our conception and imagination, then you'd have to graduate the concepts of Adonai [+] and Jesus [+] to entertain the meaning of Allah [+]. I strongly suggest you move through the Abrahamic faiths with appreciation of all three of these names for God rather than jump from the first story [Judaism] to the third story [Islam] of the Abrahamic edifice as though you could fly. take the stairs, instead. and take them through Christianity, the second story, one step at a time.

to really enjoy sex; to awaken to your unconscious urge to get back at God and the world for the way you've turned out, you need to discover any vindictive urges you've been afraid to face. you need to face your denial. reasons, justifications and excuses you make to conceal your guilt

won't help. seek better ways of expressing yourself in bed that your partner will find delightful and stimulating.

to do that, you'll have to love yourself much more than you may presently do. you'll have to love your penis and semen more. you'll have to learn to give to others and receive from others in ways that you may never have imagined until now. and only you can figure out what that means for you in terms of a monogamous and joyous sex life.

just remember that the Hebrew word "shalom" [peace] comes from the verb "lishalem" [to complete]. complete yourself with wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] and you'll experience an ecstasy through orgasm and elsewhere in your life that you never dreamed of accessing until now.

send in the clowns and stand-up com**edians**

who are the clowns? who are the comedians? I think the *gays* are the clowns and the *Jews* are the stand-up comedians. you can't enjoy God's gay agenda without the stand-up comedians pontificating about it. you're not going to get that kind of entertainment from dramatic religious types.

God needs to show us that life is a comedy of errors with happy endings, not the melodrama or tragedy many believe it must be. if you want to graduate this school for sexual/spiritual fools as a clown or comic [whether or not you're gay or Jewish], you're going to have to understand God's humor.

granted, there are tragedies in life. people have to go through pain and suffering. they're forced to live under cruel circumstances. they suffer hunger, thirst and cold. people get sick. innocent children and animals die needlessly.

but the opportunities for us to learn to help one another can turn misfortune into blessings from God if we can see and act on our challenges in a more timely manner.

it's easy to pray to God to bless those who support us by behaving like angels, not animals. but there isn't a single house of prayer in any of the world's faiths that advocates we pray to God to bless those voices in us that support us for the righteous ways we support ourself. why is that? you need support from within even more than you need it from others. the voices that emanate out of you with wholesome feelings for yourself are vital to your survival. and the same can be said of the urges you have that are elevated and evolved. why wouldn't you want God to bless those voices and curse the voices within you that are detrimental to your wellbeing?

the problem lies with cynicism. once you can, not only see darkness all around you, but within you, you begin to see how easy it is to observe God concealed from you both in inner and outer space. you'll see Him in the light and in the darkness, the sun and the moon that reflects the sun's light.

God is your Partner. if you've learned to go to your partner for help, you're ready to go to your Partner for help.

if you can ask for help from others, you can pray to God to help you help yourself. it's easy to see God behind the tabernacle in the scrolls at synagogues. it's easy to see Him on the cross in churches. and it's easy to see Him in the rock they walk around in Mecca.

prove to yourself that you can perceive His presence within you. talk to yourself. commend yourself for what you're telling yourself that's right, and rebuke yourself for what you're telling yourself that's wrong.

in this way, you'll separate good from evil from within. you'll figuratively produce more goodness than evil in your semen, and you'll infuse more goodness than evil in others.

“loves me like a rock”

by
Paul Simon

when I was a little boy [when I was just a boy]
and the devil would call my name [when I was just a boy]
I’d say, now who do [who]
who do you think you’re foolin’? [when I was just a boy]
I’m a consecrated boy. [when I was just a boy]
I’m a singer in a Sunday choir.
oh, my mama loves me.
she loves me.
she get down on her knees
and hug me like she loves me like a rock.
she rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
when I was grown to be a man [grown to be a man]
and the devil would call my name [grown to be a man]
I’d say, now who do [who]
who do you think you’re foolin’? [grown to be a man]
I’m a consummated man. [grown to be a man]
I can snatch a little purity.
my mama loves me.
she loves me.
she get down on her knees
and hug me like she loves me like a rock.
she rocks me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
and if I was President [was the President]
the minute Congress call my name [was the President]
I'd say now, who do [who]
who do you think you're foolin’?
[who do you think you’re foolin’?]
I’ve got the Presidential seal. [was the President]
I’m up on the Presidential podium.
my mama loves me. she loves me.
she get down on her knees

and hug me like she loves me like a rock.
she rock me like the rock of ages and loves me.
she love me, love me, love me, love me.
[loves me like a rock]

don't love a rock like the Muslims love al-Ḥajaru alAswad Rock they revolve around in Mecca. evolve, don't revolve. don't fight over the rock on the Temple Mount [Hebrew: even hasetya; Arabic: al-Saḵrah al-Musarrafah – the Noble Rock] like the Jews and the Muslims do. look at that rock in Jerusalem from the underside that's buried deep in the ground.

look *up* at that rock, not *down* on it. go deep down into the ground of your being to look at the Rock within you from within from all sides. get a new view if you want another chance. *be* someone different rather than *do* anything different.

the rocks you should treasure are your testicles. the iconography you should cherish is your semen. become a figurative fundamentalist. look at the world through the fundamentals of sexual/spirituality to understand your rhyme and reason for being in this world.

to see God in yourself, despite all that darkness within you, isn't hard to do. all it takes is an imagination that opens your mind, transforms your heart and transcends your conscience with soulful self-regard. that's so much easier than telling gays and Jews to do what you do.

it's impossible to see the words of God emanating out of your penis if you've figuratively got your penis shoved up your anus. if you've got your life so screwed up that if you try to stand tall it feels like you'll dismember yourself, look at your wants [-], not your desires [+].

it's then that sodomy begins to look amusing. it's then that they need to send in the clowns and stand-up comedians to tell you what you wouldn't otherwise be able to tell yourself. when you've bent so far over backwards for others that you're screwing yourself over, it's time to give up the contortions.

you don't have to rim anyone, literally or figuratively, to get what you want. you don't have to rim God in your house of prayer to get your prayers answered. don't brown nose anybody, including Him. there are civilized, sexual/spiritual ways to make your dreams come true.

but if you use vengeance or promote those who do, be prepared to suffer the burn of a flame you'll never be able to anticipate. be prepared to discover what it's like to experience hell on Earth. I can only predict that you'll feel embarrassed, shameful and humiliated. only the details on the ground change will change from one circumstance to another.

life doesn't have to be a distortion of truth or a deformation of morality. but without the clowns [gays] to show you how you behave toward *yourself* and without the Jewish stand-up comedians to make you laugh at how you behave toward *others* – you aren't going to take life any more personally than you presently do.

the gay clowns and Jewish comedians are a match made in heaven. and to be both gay and Jewish means that you're twice blessed. but don't feel bad if you're gay, but Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. you're a clown, too! you just might not be quite as strange as you are queer.

take it from a gay Jew. we're all angels disguised or disclosed, even those who claim to be atheists.

you shouldn't love anyone other than yourself. love only you. if you reject this idea, you'll refuse to take yourself more personally than you do. you'll be in denial of the meaning of self-love and the importance of self-love in your life. in truth, you're the only person you need to love or who needs your love. granted, I love my boyfriend's body! and I really like the guy inside it! but I'm not here on Earth to love him. that's his spiritual work, so I give him the freedom to do so. I don't want to have to try to do that for him.

when Moses said, "love thy neighbor as thyself" [Leviticus 19] his focus was on their neighbors at the time. the ancient Jews were wandering in the wilderness. they had to bond with one another. there was no one else who'd help them. his message was to bond with the whole tribe. but when Jesus reiterated the words of Moses 1,400 years later in Israel [Matthew 22:39, John 13:34], His message was on loving themselves individually. He told the ancient Jews to love themselves in order to bring love to their neighbors [Rome and her allies in the Middle East].

get into your head by loving your tribe. and then get out of your head into your heart by loving yourself. and if you want to become soulful, get out of your head and heart, so you can look at both your thoughts and feelings from a third place in inner space. "third time's the charm!"

Moses' message was by a Jew for the Jews. Jesus' message was by a Jew for everyone. but if you want to love God, you're going to have to include the message from the Prophet Muhammad.

God doesn't want to surround Himself with people who fight over His names. He doesn't want to surround himself with people who can't think clearly and feel deeply. and He certainly doesn't want nudnicks [pests] around Him who can't believe the big picture because they're in denial of aspects of reality that they find distasteful for personal reasons that make no sense at all.

people think personally, not locally or globally. they feel personally, and they believe personally. they even act personally, not locally or globally.

that's why travel is such a good teacher. that's why learning foreign languages opens you up to life in a way that being a local yokel only leaves you provincial, small and petty. see more of the world by developing your imagination. only little minds get caught up in conspiracy issues. grow and the whole world grows with you. shrivel up and you become a punchline for tomorrow's sick jokes.

Mel Brooks didn't make a fool out of the Nazis with "The Producers." the Nazis made fools of themselves. Mel Brooks just made a name for himself by teaching us to laugh at fools who think they can outsmart God and His agenda.

fidelity

the definition of fidelity is: “faithfulness to a person, cause, or belief, demonstrated by continuing loyalty and support.” there’s a second definition which is helpful: “the degree of exactness with which something is copied or reproduced.” [internet]

I think these definitions should be plastered above the entryway to every temple, synagogue, church and mosque. I think everyone who thinks s/he believes in God should be reminded that that takes faithfulness demonstrated by continuing loyalty and support. and it takes copying Him by reproducing His designs.

when the serpent told Eve that if she ate from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, she’d become like God, that was true then. and it’s still true today. the problem doesn’t lie with the serpent [penis] in your tree. your serpent models fidelity to God. the problem lies with envy of what comes out of its mouth. everybody wants to be right. every man is comparing and contrasting the potency of his semen [words] to that of other men.

in that sense, fidelity to God is easy to attain with goodness. I don’t condemn atheists for choosing not to try to do as I do. I think we should limit our criticisms to those who claim to believe in God, yet fall short in their fidelity to do so. keeping your word is paramount in this regard. this is the essence of the 7th Commandment [thou shall not commit adultery.] if you promise monogamy [fidelity] to one person, don’t break your promise. if you wish to give others the impression that you’re as honest in your business practices as you are with your mate, then pay all your taxes and don’t cheat your customers. don’t hire lobbyists to get the government to enact laws to benefit your business, and don’t try to limit marriage to those who enjoy sex like you do.

you shouldn’t consider yourself a good person who deserves a heavenly reward from God if you don’t know the meaning of fidelity or don’t follow it. you’re only spiritually diluting the potency of your semen [words].

in an effort to help hypocrites who love to quote the Bible and wag their finger at gay people, God, in His infinite wisdom, created a gay agenda for us all. this is the underlying topic of this chapter via an exploration of fidelity.

needless to say, the vast majority of gay people in this country are atheists. you'd be an atheist too if the institution of your family's house of prayer condemned you because of your sex life rather than the potency of your semen or your fidelity to God. you wouldn't condemn someone for loving chocolate or sports. so, why do you condemn those who love anal intercourse?

God's gay agenda isn't just focused on reforming hypocrites in the straight community. His gay agenda goes much further than marriage equality, too. in fact, God's gay agenda is so vast and encompasses so much that it's going to be a feat for me to express it in this chapter. so, fasten your seatbelts.

the story of Adam and Eve depicts every boy's first wet dream. when the juice of a boy's fruits cums out of the mouth of his penis [serpent] for the first time; conspires with his heart [Eve]; and the two of them convince his head [Adam] to come along on their adventure – he [Adam and Eve] achieves his first awesome encounter with God. that orgasm fills him with guilt, even though it does nothing to literally change what cums out of his penis [serpent] or his desire to do the deed again and again.

the talking serpent is the only animal urge that beguiles man. all the other animals in God's kingdom [weasels, rats, vultures, moths, flies, cockroaches lions, lambs, sheep, chickens, turkeys, old goats, bears, otters, donkeys, elephants and whales] don't affect man like that one snake in the tree that Moses warned us about at the beginning of his tale.

once banished from the Eden of sexual infancy [the Hebrew creation story], the next generation of self exploration [Cain and Abel] describes a boy in a struggle over how to make up to God for what his head [Adam] and

heart [Eve] did that first time he ejaculated that he [Cain and Abel] has differing opinions about how to atone for.

the murder of one brother [Abel] by the other [Cain] pursues an outcome that isn't intended to be literal. it's the death of your heart [Abel] for having colluded with your penis to produce your first orgasm. your mind [Cain] wants to control decisions about how, when and where to seek orgasms in the future. your heart just wants that to happen naturally.

your mind doesn't want to be overwhelmed with feelings the next time you experience a similar urge emanating out of your penis. this strategy makes it possible for boys to have sex without feeling anything for the other person so he can boast about all the notches on his bedpost in the future.

from gossip, stories and your own outcomes, you've seen that most men have only reached the spiritual level of the second story of Genesis. they're still boys whose head [Cain] is in charge of their penis [serpent]. therefore, our Teacher always has to intervene with questions about where Cain's brother [Abel] is. the heart [Abel] of a boy may be repressed, but it isn't dead until it stops beating. your heart will continue to call out from the ground of your being for justice.

the third story of Genesis [Noah and the ark] is when things get interesting. it doesn't take a soothsayer to see that the repression of feelings [death of the heart] can't remain in effect forever. feelings for others will arise that will overwhelm a boy's thinking again and again.

the desire to manage feelings that are motivated by lust is described by Moses as a flood that encompasses the whole world of every boy [Noah] at puberty. this flood is hormonal. but the difference between biological and spiritual puberty is as great as the difference between lightening and the lightening bug. a teenage boy can physically grow out of adolescence in seven years [13-19], but to spiritually arrive in your twenties can take decades. in some men, it never occurs.

every man's ark [spiritual body] is made of wood. wood is the knowledge of good and evil from a forest of trees that

the pre-pubescent has grown within, beginning by acknowledging the grove of trees [family] where God first planted him. as the result of experiences out in the world, that grove turns into a pardes [Hebrew: orchard]. this pardes [paradise] lies all around him. Eden is now everywhere. most teenagers know this intuitively. they don't have to die or feel banished to achieve the feeling of omnipotence. they're already in an orchard of trees that grow fruits that are very tempting. this is why the rough seas of the teenage years is no Caribbean cruise aboard a luxury vessel.

when the ark finally reaches safe haven at the end of adolescence, every young man releases the animal instincts in his hull. this is a naïve, but hopeful attempt to participate in society by getting a good job and enjoying a healthy, spiritual relationship with God as a law-abiding citizen.

for every young man who strives to become a pillar of society, a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow of promises from God awaits him. in his pursuit of the mystery and magic of making love, he assumes that the world is his oyster and good luck will follow him all pf his days.

but young men have to face lessons in fidelity whether they like it, or not. they have to face their tower of Babel [penis problems] before they can become like Abraham who stood before God candidly. they have to construct their tower to power, and then watch it come figuratively crashing down many times. they have to become a part of the conspiracy immature men are unconsciously a part of that teaches them about the depth of fidelity to others before they can prove to God that they've achieved the virtues needed to come before Him solo with clean hands.

and here's where God's gay agenda comes into effect. the timing of the first wet dream is different for every boy. in that sense, the Jewish rite of bar mitzvah, the passage from childhood to adulthood, doesn't literally come at the age of 13, even if the tradition places it there and then. puberty arrives biologically when puberty arrives biologically. and the same can be said about spiritual puberty. the timing in

relating to the passages described in Genesis is unique to each of us.

from a spiritual perspective, straight boys striving to become men aren't usually able to see the significance of puberty for all human beings, male and female, gay and straight, for the same reason that you wouldn't ask a fish what water is. a fish is submerged in water. coming out of water is a thrilling experience for some fish.

in that sense, gay boys-to-men try to hook themself by themself to reel themself up out of the rough waters of hormonal changes. gay boys-to-men create an environment in which every fish [male or female] can question its own nature.

those of us who've been accused of being the most vile and contemptable [gays and Jews] in every society in the western world are in a different, spiritual relationship with God. we're not particularly hateful, jealous or violent. we don't usually wish to kill our competition. we only wish to get intimate with others. we strive for peace with our neighbors. we don't try to love them. we just wish we could like them. and we would if they treated us a little better.

the outcome of our desire for oral and/or anal intercourse with one another inoculates us with an aversion to vengeance. we want to love literally, not figuratively. we want to love sexually, not spiritually. but because of that, we're denigrated, defiled and detested by those who believe our wants [-] and desires [+] are evil.

efforts to fish straight boys-to-men out of the waters they're so accustomed to – that they don't fully realize are flowing in them, through them and around them – are almost always misinterpreted as having a sexual motive. and maybe for some spiritually immature or spiritual sick, gays and Jews, sex is the only thing on their mind.

but for a gay Jews like myself, we're not interested in getting in your jock strap if you don't want to get on ours. we won't want to circumcise your uncut penis, regardless of your religious beliefs. we like it just the way it is. and we don't want to empty your wallet once we get close to your

back pocket. we don't want to screw you up, and we don't want to screw you over.

my gay agenda is a reflection of God's gay agenda. you don't know how or why God created me. all you can do is continue reading this chapter to discover what you might learn about yourself that you may not have known before. if you were to shut this book now and try to imagine what God's gay agenda is before I tell you, you'll never discover that whatever comes to mind is a million miles from my truth.

to discuss the title of this book [God's Gay Agenda], I have to start with the bar mitzvah, the rite of passage from childhood to adulthood, which is a long and arduous journey, as all of us who are over the age of 21 know.

the four great markers of the beginning, middle and end of adolescence [13-19] are the bar mitzvah [13]; quince años [15] in Catholicism; the rites of passage at the age of 18 when the privileges of driving, voting and military service arrive; ending with the age of 21, when young men are considered adults in American society and are allowed to drink alcohol in public.

I'm going to focus on the bar mitzvah, not the other three passages of adolescence to adulthood [15, 18 and 21], which are more cultural than spiritual. these three markers differ from one society to the next.

the bar [male] mitzvah [commandment] is a commandment from God to do one good deed at puberty. but most Jews don't really know what that deed is or how to do it. a boy is figuratively born to the left of his parents. God is located to the right of his parents. so, parents stand between God and their son. all the good and bad deeds of the son are held on the shoulders of his parents. parents get all the credit and blame from God for how they're raising their son.

but when the boy reaches puberty [+/- 13], his parents step out of the way, and the boy stands before God himself. this change of spiritual positioning has many consequences, both physical and spiritual. I've enumerated them below:

1. the body of the boy goes through a physical change that makes it possible for him to reach orgasm. orgasm brings with it physical and emotional attractions to others that a prepubescent boy can't yet fully envision or literally experience. these physical and emotional changes at puberty lead an adolescent male to seek privacy; to think for himself; and to make decisions on his own.
2. the mind of the male adolescent then awakens in ways that lead him to conclude that his parents are far more imperfect than he'd previously realized. this results in a teenage boy losing a certain amount of respect for his parents, possibly even creating a desire to act out vindictively against the world.
3. the adolescent male slowly comes to realize that he's going to be morally responsible for his own behavior, including conceiving children and taking legal responsibility for his actions.
4. in an adolescent who believes in God, he's going to realize that his parents can't protect him from God any longer. he's facing Him directly. he's now in a One-on-one relationship with his Creator that's new and different from what he experienced in childhood. God will be giving him all the credit and blame for his actions from then on.
5. the gay community is vital to the awakening of all adolescents because straight parents take matters of sexuality with regard to becoming an adult male too much to heart. straight parents used to assume God made everybody straight. and even if they may now concede that God made gay boys gay, they still can't explain why because they can't see what vital role gay males play in the awakening of humanity to the reality that everybody shares with our Creator.

there are seven emotional colors of the rainbow. they are:

[1]	red	rage
[2]	orange	agony
[3]	yellow	fear
[4]	green	jealousy and envy
[5]	blue	sorrow
[6]	indigo	mystery
[7]	violet	ecstasy

ecstasy is often experienced through orgasm. if a boy doesn't get onboard the rainbow of emotional promises from God at puberty, he's going to remain infantile or childish all his life. he may grow up biologically, get married and have children. but he won't understand the importance of moving through the first four stories of Genesis spiritually. without knowing God in the Biblical sense of the word, he'll misinterpret the rest of Hebrew scripture, which, like a bad foundation, will leave his interpretation of the Gospels and Quran askew, too.

a boy won't understand that orgasm is a reward achieved with another person which also increases his awakening to the rewards of self-love which will draw him closer to God. each orgasm is like a step up a stairway to heaven that will lead him to a greater view of life if he uses his penis to pursue his desires [+], not his wants [-].

knowing the difference between one [-] and the other [+] requires making your conscience your guide. and that requires unifying your thoughts, feelings and beliefs.

a young man can't draw nearer to God without an evolving, sexualized relationship with Him. that shouldn't be interpreted as using sex in prayer with others. and it certainly doesn't mean stimulating his genitals [masturbation] in order to draw nearer to God when alone.

sexualizing your relationship with God is something a boy striving to become a man can only do figuratively. God

has conveniently made sex with Him literally impossible. but the idea that God made man in His image means that man must have a sexual attraction to himself that leads to a growing attraction to Him. the more he projects this curiosity and lust only onto people who visually please him, the more he'll suffer the vicissitudes of love and the broken hearts he sees around him.

attraction to others isn't only achieved with the eyes. the ears are very important if you're really listening with your heart. and your nose is even more important if you're striving to appreciate people from your soul. intuition has to become your guide.

whether you're straight or gay, your relationship with God must become an extension of your relationship with yourself. the more you find yourself interesting, the more you'll find God fascinating. the more curious you are to know more about you, the more you'll find yourself probing to know more about God through all that you think, feel, believe, want, say and do.

vanity is human. it's a characteristic that's not relegated only to women. but the desire to experience pride in who you've become it isn't only a gay attribute, either. although we're the first people to promote pride, we understand that it's a human potential available to everyone.

drawing nearer to God is achieved morally by "cleaning up your act." the cleaner you feel inside with yourself, the cleaner you'll feel with Him. uttering The Lord's name in vain is much deeper than swearing. it's really about using your penis to screw people over with intentions that aren't pure.

the problem with the institutions of religious faith is that they insist you clean up your act by modifying your relationship with others using their rules and regulations. God's gay agenda asks you to clean up your act by modifying your relationship within yourself by uniting the spiritual forces within your body. how can you love your neighbor if you can't love yourself? how can you love yourself if you've been trained not to contemplate your navel; question the

voice of your serpent; and investigate the hollow in your tree as a clue to the meaning of death?

if you only use your head like an orthodox Jew, you can't see how you ruin relationships with some others by thinking illogically [foolishly].

if you only use your heart like a rightwing Christian, you can't see how you ruin relationships with some other by feeling irrationally [hatefully].

and if you use only your soul like a fanatical Muslim, you can't see how you ruin relationships with some other by believing unreasonably [disloyally].

when it comes to cleaning up your act with yourself, you have to be able to get out of your head, heart and soul into your penis. you have to learn how to use your urges sensibly [wisely].

you can't behave logically, rationally, reasonably and sensibly if your vices [wants] and failings [bad habits] are controlling you.

God is as near or far from you as you are from yourself. He must allow you to approach Him. and you must clean up your act to facilitate His decision to do so. but you must do your part. the whole concept of redemption requires a belief in the potential for transcending who you once were to become a more magnificent and beautiful person than you were before.

this can't be done without God's help because you can't get out of yourself to see yourself as you truly are. you need get further into you. those of us in the LGBTQIA+ community know that you have to go in to come out. to trust that God has your best interest at heart, you have to develop a sexual/spiritual relationship with him that will leave you nude, naked and transparent to yourself. there's no person in the world you can trust to this degree to do this for you.

God's gay agenda will lead you to learn to draw closer to yourself in order to draw closer to Him. God's gay agenda doesn't require you to change your sexuality. it only requires you to love the one you're with, with a light [gay] heart. then you can love The One you're with.

loving yourself is easier than it looks because we're so accustomed to blaming others if things don't work out the way we want. God has a hand in everything. if you want to see different results, try taking a different approach to getting them. try eliminating vengeance as a motive.

I've said that you should never strive to love any other person other than yourself. I've encouraged you to honor your parents. I've explained to you why the rite of the bar mitzvah is a rite in which you honor your parents for getting out of your way just enough so you can develop a personal relationship with God in which you come to realize the moral magnificence and importance of this shift in priorities and perspective.

in these ways, you make it easy for you to love you. self-love becomes the vehicle to the love of God. your romantic attachments to adults and protective attachments to children, nature and humanity are ways in which you honor yourself for loving yourself and the One Who made you.

entwining autocracy with democracy

combining and entwining autocracy with democracy is a project that's actually very easy to achieve. *autocracy* is the ideal form of inner governance. *democracy* is the ideal form of external governance. the reason nobody has mentioned this before to you is because we live in an age in which we're just now beginning to unify our two worlds.

our thoughts free us. our feelings liberate us. and our beliefs emancipate us. when we unify our thoughts, feelings and beliefs in our conscience, we produce reasonable solutions to problems.

the problems we're facing externally are mirror reflections of the problems we're trying to solve internally. those who insist that gays and Jews are the cause of all the problems in the world are suffering from penis problems and semen setbacks. these issues which emanate from below the waist are the result of believing in the words of scripture on a level that we're trying to evolve past. the more deeply you can use words to affect your own thinking in your inner world, the more you'll be able to change the outer world.

people who are popular and in the news are expressing thoughts, feelings and beliefs that we should question respectfully. the more we discuss the ways in which they're interfacing with themself, the more we can determine if those ways would work for us all.

you might be tempted to stop the arguing inside of you. that mirrors what Solomon did when he threatened to cut a baby in half that two mothers were fighting over. obviously, it was the woman who came from her heart who surrendered the fight to the other. your heart will do the same. follow your heart, not your head.

your thoughts will be wise if your feelings are self-loving. your beliefs will be righteous if your desires [+] are sensible. don't be afraid to include your penis in with the debates happening above your waist.

once you solve the problem of the conflict between your head [Adam/Cain] and heart [Eve/Abel] to see that your penis [serpent/Noah] may try to beguile the two of them, you can start to use your imagination to think more creatively. this is the equivalent of having picked all the low-hanging fruit and having to climb your tree of knowledge for those juicy fruits that have been ripening in the sun and are now hanging up there more tempting than before.

once you can solve the conflict between your head [Cain] and heart [Abel] to see that God is always going to allow them to fight over how to become wise [wonderful] and loving [brilliant], not just knowledgeable, you'll be able to perceive yourself in a vehicle [ark] surrounded by flesh [thoughts] and blood [feelings]. that's a fact of life that's not going to change so long as you live.

therefore, consider that your flesh will experience pain for the sake of justice. and your blood will cry out with suffering for mercy and forgiveness. in this way, our Teacher allows us to experience pain and suffering as teaching tools to move even the most recalcitrant students forward toward maturity.

this is what's happening on the micro-scale. on the macro-scale, the world is awakening to the Judeo, Christian conflict that's been going on for more than 2,000 years. the Jews personify the mind. the Christians personify the heart. and each individual is going to have to use his own head and heart to figure out their best path forward.

although it didn't look that important in the greater, religious scheme of things then, the Civil War was the most significant spiritual conflict since the crucifixion of Christ. His death separated the head from the heart in the ancient Jews that ended up creating a whole other belief system. the ancient Jews adamantly maintained their position of God's need for justice [wisdom]. and the ancient Christians equally and adamantly maintained their position of God's need for mercy and forgiveness [love].

the outcome of the Civil War was a spiritually profound revelation for the world, albeit still spiritually unseen and unprecedented to this day, because the Jews lost that fight. and with that loss, the Hebrew Testament lost some of its credibility.

justice claimed that a man's property cannot be taken away from him. mercy claimed that it can and must be taken away if his property is another human being. the Hebrew Testament claimed that a slave is permissible property [Leviticus 25:39–55]. the Christian Testament claimed that a slave is not permissible property [John 8:3436]. the north won. the south lost. the Christians won. the Jews lost. and for more than 150 years, humanity has been attempting to appreciate the significance of that outcome.

the Christians in Europe decided to challenge that outcome in the last century by enslaving and killing the gays and the Jews. the United States had to intervene to teach European Christians the lesson about property verses people that we'd learned from our Teacher on our shores.

in this century, it's up to each of us to emancipate our inner slave, not lord over him. we must discover the truth about self-ownership verses self-leadership. if you don't understand the concept of slavedriver from within, you won't reconcile the master/slave conflict going on in you. you'll become overly disciplined. you won't learn to oversee, manage and operate your inner forces. you'll try to control them.

there's no point in 3/5^{ths} of you manipulating and restricting 2/5^{ths} of you. if you don't understand the spiritual dynamics at play, you're going to lock up your desires [+] in the hull of your ark until the day you die. you'll never let them out to roam free.

in 2015, the Hebrew Testament lost again when the United States Supreme Court brought marriage equality to the greatest and most powerful country in the history of the world. once again, the Christians [Gospels] won. and the Jews [Torah] lost [Leviticus 18 & 20], much to the chagrin

of the south that's still licking its wounds over the outcome of the Civil War.

this time, the Supreme Court recognized that each of us is half man/half woman. in an effort to help us recognize the need for each of us to marry ourself, the court concluded that men must be allowed to marry men and women, women so that society can strive to live by the tenets of self-love.

this decision built upon the idea that the pharaoh, slavedriver, slave mentality introduced to the world by God and retold by the Jews throughout His story, must be overcome.

the word for "husband" in Hebrew is "baal." it literally means "owner." today we're being asked to decide whether a woman's body is her own, or whether she's the property of her father until she marries, when her husband becomes her new owner.

our court system is also being asked to decide if once a man's semen impregnates a woman, whether the fetus become his property, and, by extension, the property of the state? is the fetus 3/5^{ths} hers or his?

the world is now in a new age in which the head and the heart of every individual on the planet has been given personal challenges that can only be solved soulfully [from a third place in inner space] if it's to be solved at all.

this is why God had no choice but to create Islam. this is why the Jews and Christians will never solve their problems without the help of His third Abrahamic faith as guided by the wisdom of gay Jews, gay Christians and gay Muslims. this is why we might all want to consider creating new views to describe the meaning of life.

some of the concepts I believe in are:

1. being full of shekels rather than shit
2. the too good club
3. the not good enough club
4. the good enough club
5. like your neighbor/love yourself
6. money is the root of all goodness

7. life style/love style

I don't know which club you're a card-carrying member of. I'm a proud member of the too good club, but I've learned enough about the other two clubs, good enough and not good enough, to realize that I qualify to be members of them, too. therefore, I've become more concerned with maintaining my attitude of gratitude in the way God made me.

my first sponsor in A.A. [gay Catholic] gave me very good advice almost 40 years ago. but I still have difficulty in taking it to heart. he told me to leave people in the gutter where Jesus flung 'em. what he meant by that is that wearing my heart on my sleeve isn't in anybody's best interest. people need to help themself. all we ought to do is provide them with steps up and out of the gutter to make their way to the highway of life which will get them where they wish to go. they'll have their own view of life then which will dictate their actions going forward.

but I'm certainly not interested in helping anyone out of the gutter if they hate gays and/or Jews. that wouldn't be self-loving. I'm fine letting The Teacher teach them what they don't know. I think envy of America is the best teacher. if you don't want what we have, enjoy what you've got. we've shown you through our struggles for greater participation in our democracy how God blesses us.

carrying people who don't want to go where you want to take 'em isn't going to help them. we can't build nations and we can't build individuals. this is why conversion to another faith is a ridiculous relic of the past that needs to remain in the past. I prefer to live in a *democracy* without God, but I prefer my inner world to be an *autocracy* under God.

sometimes the gutter is just the right place to look – especially if you're seeking a way out of yourself. I know the feeling of having been flung in the gutter. so, I ask The Teacher why I feel that way.

if you don't want to ask, you don't want to know.

my friend, Maria, who was born Protestant, converted to Catholicism and then became a nun for 14 years. she recently moved into a Catholic residence home at the age of 95. she's a proud member of the good enough club.

but she's now having to swallow her pride at the way the nuns are treating her. she's having to ask herself what God's lessons could possibly mean to her personally at this time of her advanced stage of life. and she's having to bow down a little further to get from too good to good enough.

granted, Maria's on a special ward because of her mild dementia. but when the nuns empty her trash can without asking her permission, the slight is very real to Maria. the same is true when they go through her closet to look for clothes that needs cleaning. she requires a spiritual explanation for why God is allowing this sort of insult to offend her at such an advanced time in her life.

I told her I understood exactly how she felt. my mother once treated me that way. so did bosses and boyfriends. why, even the police once had the nerve to ticket me because one of my brake lights wasn't working.

most people shoot for heaven, but they fall short or shoot way past it. Maria is now more curious about death than life. she's eager to get to heaven to get all her questions answered. she delights at the thought of dancing with the angel of death when he comes knocking at her door. I have great confidence that she'll die with a smile on her face despite the "trials" and "tribulations" the nuns are putting her through…

it's only those who are good enough who make it to heaven in a quiet and timely manner. the rest of us are stuck here in our head or heart having to deal with moral issues that need to be addressed from within and without, as though we're enrolled in a school day and night.

none of us has graduated this academy on Earth because we've still got more classes to take to complete our spiritual curriculum. we're still working on earning our Ph.D. in "me." we can, as yet, only imagine getting a handshake from

The Teacher while looking Him directly in the eye with loyalty and devotion as we receive our diploma.

most people are still embarrassed about their body, ashamed of some of their behaviors before others and feel humiliated in God's presence when it comes to being themself. look more closely at people's body language if you don't believe me. they're expressing a lot of guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation] that they may not even realize.

high self-esteem [not good enough] and low self-esteem [too good] are indications that you need to further esteem yourself for trying. to transcend who you've become over your lifetime, you have to face yourself as you are before you can improve. facing God will become much easier the more you look within with greater scrutiny, rather than stare at yourself in the mirror with narcissistic glee or melodramatic doubts and regrets.

esteeming yourself is an art and a science. it requires learning from your interactions with others in how to help others to the exact degree needed to teach them to help themself.

esteeming yourself requires God's help because your conscience is cooperating with God in fighting your evil inclinations. those inclinations will take you too far or not far enough. to unearth the secret relationship you hold with yourself requires knowledge that you may not yet be privy to. that knowledge lies with God. in psychological terms it lies in your unconscious.

the fruits of knowledge of good and evil were only the first two fruits picked from God's private tree. with that knowledge came embarrassment, the lowest level of guilt. Adam and Eve covered their genitals with leaves. if they'd been more morally astute, Adam would have covered his head with leaves and Eve would have covered her heart. and if they'd been fully, morally awakened, both of them would have remained physically nude before each other and emotionally naked before God by covering their breastplate to express the unity of their sorrows and His ability to see

right through them. it was their lack of faith in God that got them into trouble. they knew nothing yet about fidelity.

today, most people do the best they can by covering their ass. they don't want anybody to know how little they know about how they were made in God's image. and they don't even want to know what their ass might have to do with the rest of their moral awakenings.

with guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation] comes the realization that we aren't alone in this world. we're in it together with God. when we think we can do what we want any way we please, we discover through rude awakenings that that's not the case. we end up anal retentive or anal expulsive. we end up not giving enough or giving too much. we either have nothing to say, or we scream hysterically.

I'm not a mouse wishing to climb up your trunk as though you were an elephant. if you're worried about me getting inside you through unorthodox means, that's your problem.

I'm not a proctologist trying to peak between your cheeks. if you've got your head up your ass, I'm not going to join you in there to discuss your view of yourself from the inside. and I'm certainly not an ears-nose-and-throat specialist who's going to look at what's going on inside your head.

the fear you might have in coming to know yourself is yours, not mine. the anxiety you experience over other people's insanity is, in part, a projection of your own. you're going to have to discern your *fears* from your *paranoias* by yourself and for yourself.

everything that happens to you is for a reason. if you aren't interested in holding an ongoing relationship with The Teacher in this school, you aren't going to learn much about the lessons you have to learn and the tests you have to take.

over time, you surely came to realize that you've either not been good enough [unjust] or you've been too good [in denial]. either way, you'll need heavenly help to make your way to good enough. good enough is just right in this very

messy and imperfect world we're in. but good enough is much easier to achieve than any man of the cloth may have told you.

seek perfection. perfection looks like semen that's all good. perfection is like semen from only your right testicle. the juice of your fruits will be infused into everything you say and do. so, seek the wisdom to love yourself loyally by treating everyone respectfully.

man's mind is basically a killer. Adam only aggravated God by insisting that his transgression wasn't his fault. he claimed the fault was with God for having given him "that woman." Adam implied that God was unjust for having created Eve in the first place.

Cain, the next generation of dim-witted ideas that come out of a sick mind, proved that Cain killed his brother because he couldn't kill God. Cain became vindictive when he didn't get what he expected.

Eve was the first to eat from the tree of knowledge of good and evil. what she offered Adam obviously wasn't what she'd picked and eaten. she gave him her leftovers.

what's left when you renounce one side of yourself is evil. Eve told God the truth, that the serpent tempted her, and she ate. she conveniently left out the part where she had knowledge of good *and* evil, but tempted Adam anyway, thus colluding with the serpent in the hopes that Adam and God wouldn't realize and reveal what she'd done.

Abel received God's blessing without crediting Cain for the idea of offering God a sacrifice in the first place.

whether our heart betrays our head or our head betrays our heart, the problem is internal. it's only when we come from our soul and can see the two of them clearly that we realize our basic nature, to nurture ourself to become better than we're inclined to behave.

Cain renounced knowledge of where Abel was to hide his anger at God. he, too, hid his knowledge from God.

the moral of the first two stories of Genesis is complicated by the fact that justice after the fact isn't justice if it leaves you wanting revenge.

therefore, you're going to have to become a member of all three clubs [too good, good enough and not good enough] just to experience all the lessons of life our Teacher is giving us.

once you hit Maria's age, [96] and you're in great physical health even if your short-term memory is shot to hell, you'll realize that your memory only serves if you use it to serve yourself. if you don't use your memory before you lose it to serve you more effectively, you, too, may find yourself wishing to get to heaven by taking an express train of thought; not by remaining here on Earth to complete your studies in becoming a better rendition of yourself day-by-day. I recommend you take the local trains of thought that make many unexpected stops along the way.

Maria figuratively suffers senioritis, even though they call it dementia. she just wants to graduate already. but she isn't using her memory to serve herself sufficiently. maybe this book will help get you through your studies in being good enough to graduate from this school for clowns and comedians. see if you can't strive to be a little more like Mark Twain, an irascible moralist.

today, it's easy to see that most people aren't good enough. they do as they please, assuming, like Eve, that God isn't going to give away their conspiracy. esteem issues are a secret between a side of you and God that you may not even be consciously aware of. esteem issues may be a conspiracy between you and God that your conscious mind can't fully explain to you.

if you learn to esteem yourself accurately for every little thing you do, you'll become soulful naturally. honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] are tools given to help us.

now that you understand the importance in becoming soulful, you'll never bang your elbow, step on your own toes or hit your head against a wall without blaming yourself – not God or that woman He gave you. getting from not good enough to too good and back just as far as good enough is going to require many trials and tribulations. you're going to

have to apply this principle to everything you think, feel, believe and then do. this is the pursuit of perfection.

your pursuit of justice [not revenge] in the world we share is a projection of the justice you hope to procure within yourself by the time you die. if you don't die knowing that you achieved good enough from yourself, your soul won't be at peace. you'll wonder as you wander on your deathbed. and when God asks you how you are, it'll never occur to you to say, "I'm wonderful and brilliant! how's by You?"

finding the courage to do what's needed without underdoing or overdoing your efforts requires fidelity to yourself. you can't just believe you're trying your best. you have to achieve the best results using the best of methods. to the extent that your methods are corrupt, your outcomes will be corrupt.

you have been given the right to eat from God's tree of knowledge. you have been given the right to know more about yourself; your inclination to conspire and kill; your inclination to deny the truth; and your inclination to covet what God gives others.

until you covet the relationship you hold with God that you should consciously wish to improve upon, you aren't going to die with the words, "good enough" on your lips. you aren't going to personify the Abrahamic accords.

if you want what's inside of me, there are only three ways of getting it. [1] an organ transplant [2] ingest the liquids in my body, or [3] listen to me carefully.

cannibalism is no longer on this list of options in a civilized society. cutting off my penis and testicles and eating them isn't going to give you the spiritual power I have.

although blood transfusions and French kissing are the two most common ways of internalizing the liquids from another person, drinking colostrum or taking in semen by mouth or anally are also literal options for getting what's in one person into another.

since I'm not a doctor, I'm not going to broach the topic of needles, fetal implants, organ transplants and the like. and since I'm not a romantic writer, French kissing isn't of interest to me in making my point, either. besides, I think Moses covered that topic adequately in having described man as created with God's Breath. surely, if you were Lip to lip with God, you wouldn't miss that opportunity to go at it Tongue to tongue!

because I'm gay, lactose intolerant and thoroughly disgusted by the idea of drinking any more colostrum than I already did as an infant, I've swallowed enough semen to know that I don't like the taste or texture of it. so, I'm going to limit my discussion of this topic to figuratively ingesting semen anally, commonly referred to in the Hebrew testament as sodomy. by now you should be more aware of the spiritual power of semen and how men have been yearning to become more powerful since the beginning of time. if you'd asked gay men, any of us could have told you that the mystery of every fairy lies in her wand…

the hunger in gay men to receive the life-giving properties of another man is a poetic lust for life that many hyper-religious straight men and women don't fully understand or appreciate. in light of the fact that anal intercourse can't literally produce new life, it opens the

discussion to the power of the imagination and the drive behind the human spirit.

as I said previously, the penis and vagina are holes in the body that produce new life. but the anus is the hole that expels death. to try to infuse life into the anus goes against logic and opposes rationality. but many men do it with one another, and many men do it with women. therefore, from a purely poetic point of view, it behooves us to question the motives behind such actions.

God told Adam not to eat from the tree of knowledge. God told the Jews not to have anal sex. and God allowed His own Son to be crucified [with the help of the Romans and possibly with some of the ancient Jews [like Judas] who found Christ's message inconceivable, threatening and socially disruptive.]

since Jesus was probably the first gay man to come out of the closet [whether literally or figuratively], we ought to question God's intentions before we start pointing fingers at gays, Jews, Christians or Muslims who are open-hearted as well as open-minded. surely, there's some reason why God would have allowed [possibly even encouraged] people to learn more about the difference between good [love] and evil [guilt] than was initially revealed in Torah.

I postulated previously that God is our Psychiatrist Who used reverse psychology in the Hebrew testament. He told us what not to do to teach us to determine for ourself what the difference is between good, right and better verses evil, wrong and worse.

if He told us that sodomy is an abomination in Torah in an effort to tempt us to try it, then the outcome of Christ's life [crucifixion] is only more tempting as a holy act that we should all strive to copy figuratively on ourself. if Jesus died for an understanding of the meaning of life that couldn't be accessed only in words from one place alone in inner space [our head or heart], then diversity becomes our greatest teacher.

Jesus may have died to show us a way we couldn't see before, but we have the civility, curiosity and grace to

continue in that direction in the modern era if we fully understand that challenge from within.

you can't imagine how terrifying it is to come out of the closet unless you're gay. to have recreated the life of Christ spiritually in order to achieve greater honesty, sincerity and authenticity is nothing less than heroic. if you can applaud Jesus for having done what He did, you should applaud every gay man and lesbian you meet who strives to be a good person by living outside their closet [ark, basket and tabernacle]. we're the very personification of heroism. and yet, all it takes is honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] to heal yourself from within.

coming out of the closet isn't just for gay people anymore. the topic of morality is only getting larger and more complex as the world is getting safer for everybody, especially for gays and Jews. so, there is some good coming out of our moral inquiry into the application of scripture in the new age. I'd even go so far as to suggest that those countries where gays and Jews are safest are the most civilized. and those countries where we have to hide our identity are the most primitive.

the Christian Bible is a combination of two scriptures – something no other scripture in the world attempts to do. the Bible offers reverse psychology given to us from God to teach us to think for ourself. and it includes a second volume about love to learn how to feel compassion for ourself through compassion for others. this circumvents conspiracies, hatred and revenge.

to embrace the core beliefs espoused in God's other scriptures [in Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism], which He published anonymously, only requires a thorough understanding of the Abrahamic scriptures. if you're curious to go further east than Islam in your understanding of God's designs, be sure you're thoroughly versed in all three of the Abrahamic faiths.

but let's get back to the topic of semen as a life-giving liquid that figuratively infuses joy, hope, inspiration and faith in all those who are poetically inclined to appreciate it

as a magic elixir. opening to the semen of another man is one way to express devotion and loyalty to all mankind through one individual. It's the most primal expression of brotherhood. the ancient Greeks told us that much in their day.

the only problem with semen is the problem of semen envy. when a man is so unconsciously overwhelmed with a desire for the semen of another man, he'll do almost anything to obey any dictate from that man. this is the essence of totalitarianism. this is why straight men join criminal establishments: gangs, rings, clans, cliques, posses, armies and the Cosa Nostra.

semen is the binding force for men in hoods. they become hoodlums, bullies, gangsters, criminals and killers because of their lack of appreciation of their own semen. this is what semen envy does to a man who doesn't understand what's spurting forth from his own loins.

to love your own semen is the obvious answer to semen envy. to appreciate the life-giving substance emanating out of you through poetic means such as giving to charity, helping strangers, caring for the poor and the disenfranchised – you need only figuratively infuse the semen in you deeper into you.

since you can't literally insert your fully erect penis into your own anus, you have to do so figuratively. this is what produces an inner child, the psychological term for conscious awareness of God's designs for you to become fruitful and multiply your rewards from God.

granted, there isn't a boy on the planet who hasn't tasted his own cum. but this literal infusion of his own semen orally is superficial when it comes to appreciating his semen poetically.

two men don't have to cum together in order to work together to achieve miraculous results as a team. all manner of cooperation is a spiritual cuming together. but all manner of conspiracy is a cuming together, too.

it's up to you to choose with whom, how, when and where you wish to poetically leave your semen in others or

over them. this world is a shower of semen which is dousing humanity with poetic efforts to infuse the best in ourself in others.

how do you wish to interpret the penis and semen God gave you? how do you wish to interpret sodomy: as good or evil? surely, you'd like to leave life with a smile on your face and gleam in your eye, not a frown on your face and a wish for an eye for an eye.

when you're on your deathbed and your partner sits by your side, what will your last words to him [her] be? and when he [she] gets up, turns and walks away, and you look at him [her] from behind, what will you see about death that you loved with all your heart and soul that nobody can ever take from you? the word for what you'll be left with is: hope.

your love of tails is obvious. you've watched my tale as I wagged it temptingly before you for more than a hundred pages. if you can laugh at God's jokes all the way down to your belly button, you'll be able to dip below your belt to tell yourself that you're no longer the man you used to be. you'll cum before God differently than you have until now.

“the world’s gone beautiful”

by
Malvina Reynolds

the world’s gone beautiful because it’s about to die.
I never saw such flower faces or so intent a sky.
I never heard such lines from horns or violins,
or saw such lavish girls, such dandy boys, and I know why.
it’s that the world is asking not to die.
I never saw such hands flexing like silver leaves.
I never knew such air or leaned to so good a breeze.
even the tears I cry, they aren’t salt but clear,
for sea birds riding the wind calling their last,
their wild goodbye.
the world is asking not to die.
I want to hold this work and never let it go,
I want the sun to always rise on the kids next door.
whether I go or stay,
that question still abides,
posed by rainbows on the river spray.
what answers do you give a world
that asks so bitterly to live.

Previous Books

I recommend you read my previous books in the reverse order written.

24. Chicken Salad for the Soul
A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

23. Star-Drek
A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet

22. It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco…
A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device that Emits It

21. How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms
Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. Lampshade for the Light
of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. Call Me Glinda
a book for friends of Dorothy

18. Home Schooled
why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. Lazy Susan
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

16. Your Buddha Within
Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who Yearns for Peace of Mind

15. Playing god With God
Hinduism, Health and Healing

How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

14. Quran: The Book of Lights
Volume 1 High Lights
Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 5 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 6 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 7 Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. A Guest at Their Table
My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self Love:
Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective
Torah For Straight People
Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. The Wisdom of Self-Love
Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. Becoming
89 Poems of My Love for Me